THE

WORKS

OF

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

Vol. X.

ROMANCES Vol. I.

ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1822.

6

WAVERLEY,

OR

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Under which King, Bezonian? speak, or die!

HENRY IV. Part II.

VOL. I.

ZWICKAU,

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1822.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

PREFACE

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

To this slight attempt at a sketch of ancient Scottish manners, the public have been more attentive than the Author durst have hoped or expected. He has heard, with a mixture of satisfaction and humility, his work ascribed to more than one respectable name. Considerations, which seem weighty in his particular

situation, prevent his releasing these gentlemen from suspicion by placing his own name in the title-page; so that, for the present at least, it must remain uncertain, whether WAVERLEY be the work of a poet or a critic, a lawyer, or a clergyman, or whether the writer, to use Mrs Malaprop's phrase, be „like Cerberus— three gentlemen at once." The Author, as he is unconscious of any thing in the work itself (except perhaps its frivolity) which prevents its finding an acknowledged father, leaves it to the candour of the public to chuse among the many circumstances peculiar to different situations in life, such as may induce him to

suppress his name on the present occasion. He may be a writer new to publication, and unwilling to avow a character to which he is unaccustomed; or he may be a hackneyed author, who is ashamed of too frequent appearance, and employs this mystery, as the heroine of the old comedy used her mask, to attract the attention of those to whom her face had become too familiar. He may be a man of grave profession, to whom the reputation of being a novel-writer may be prejudicial; or he may be a man of fashion, to whom writing of any kind might appear pedantic. He may be too young to assume the character of

an author, or so old as to make it advisable to lay it aside.

The author of Waverley has heard it objected to this novel, that, in the character of Callum Beg, and in the account given by the Baron of Bradwardine of the petty trespasses of the Highlanders against trifling articles of property, he has borne hard, and unjustly so, upon their national character. Nothing could be farther from his wish or intention. The character of Callum Beg is that of a spirit naturally turned to daring evil, and determined, by the circumstances of his situation, to a particular species of mischief. Those who have

perused the curious Letters from the Highlands, published about 1726, will find instances of such atrocious characters, which fell under the writer's own observation, though it would be most unjust to consider such villains as representatives of the Highlanders of that period, any more than the murderers of Marr and Williamson can be supposed to represent the English of the present day. As for the plunder supposed to have been picked up by some of the insurgents in 1745, it must be remembered, that although the way of that unfortunate little army was neither marked by devastation nor bloodshed, but, on the con-

trary, was orderly and quiet in a most wonderful degree, yet *no* army marches through a country in a hostile manner without some trespasses; and several, to the extent, and of the nature, jocularly imputed to them by the Baron, were really laid to the charge of the Highland insurgents; for which many traditions, and particularly one respecting the Knight of the Mirror, may be quoted as good evidence.

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CHAPTER I.

Introductory.

THE title of this work has not been chosen without the grave and solid deliberation which matters of importance demand from the prudent. Even its first, or general denomination, was the result of no common research or selection, although, according to the example of my predecessors, I had only to seize upon the most sounding and euphonic surname that English history or topography affords, and elect

it at once as the title of my work, and the name of my hero. But, alas! what could my readers have expected from the chivalrous epithets of Howard, Mordaunt Mortimer, or Stanley, or from the softer and more sentimental sounds of Belmour, Belville, Belfield, and Belgrave, but pages of inanity, similar to those which have been so christened for half a century past? I must modestly admit I am too diffident of my own merit to place it in unnecessary opposition to preconceived associations; I have therefore, like a maiden knight with his white shield, assumed for my hero, WAVERLEY. an uncontaminated name, bearing with its sound little of good or evil, excepting what the reader shall be hereafter pleased to affix to it. But my second or supplemental title was a matter of much more difficult election, since that, short as it is, may be held as pledging the author to some special mode of laying his scene, drawing his characters, and managing his adventures. Had I, for example, announced in my frontispiece, „Waverley, a Tale of other Days," must not every novel-reader have anticipated a castle scarce less than that of Udolpho, of which the eastern wing had long been uninhabited, and the keys either lost, or consigned to the care of some aged butler or housekeeper, whose trembling steps, about

the middle of the second volume, were doomed to guide the hero, or heroine, to the ruinous precincts? Would not the owl have shrieked and the cricket cried in my very title-page? and could it have been possible for me, with a moderate attention to decorum, to introduce any scene more lively than might be produced by the jocularity of a clownish but faithful valet, or the garrulous narrative of the heroine's fille-de-chambre, when rehearsing the stories of blood and horror which she had heard in the servants' hall? Again, had my title borne, „Waverley, a Romance from the German," what head so obtuse as not to imagine forth a profligate abbot, an oppressive duke; a secret and mysterious association of Rosycrucians and Illuminati, with all their properties of black cowls, caverns, daggers, electrical machines, trap-doors, and darklanthorns? Or if I had rather chosen to call my work a „Sentimental Tale", would it not have been a sufficient presage of a heroine with a profusion of auburn hair, and a harp, the soft solace of her solitary hours, which she fortunately finds always the means of transporting from castle to cottage, although she herself be sometimes obliged to jump out of a two-pair of-stairs window, and is more than once bewildered on her journey, alone and on foot, with-out any guide but a

blowzy peasant girl, whose jargon she hardly can understand? Or again, if my Waverley had been entitled „A Tale of the Times," wouldst thou not, gentle reader, have demanded from me a dashing sketch of the fashionable world, a few anecdotes of private scandal thinly veiled, and if lusciously painted so much the better; a heroine from Grosvenor Square, and a hero from the Barouche Club or the Four-in-Hand, with a set of subordinate characters from the elegantes of Queen Anne Street East, or the dashing heroes of the Bow Street Office? I could proceed in proving the importance of a title-page. and displaying at the same time my own intimate knowledge of the particular ingredients necessary to the composition of romances and novels of various descriptions: But it is enough, and I scorn to tyrannize longer over the impatience of my reader, who is doubtless already anxious to know the choice made by an author so profoundly versed in the different branches of his art.

By fixing, then, the date of my story Sixty Years before this present Ist November, 1805, I would have my readers understand, that they will meet in the following pages neither a romance of chivalry, nor a tale of modern manners; that my hero will neither have iron on his shoulders, as of yore, nor on the heels of

his boots, as is the present fashion of Bond Street; and that my damsels will neither be clothed in purple and in pall," like the Lady Alice of an old ballad, nor reduced to the primitive nakedness of a modern fashionable at a route. From this my choice of an aera the understanding critic may farther presage, that the object of my tale is more a description of men than manners. A tale of manners, to be interesting, must either refer to antiquity so great as to have become venerable, or it must bear a vivid reflection of those scenes which are passing daily before our eyes, and are interesting from their novelty. Thus the coat-of-mail of our ancestors, and the triple furred pelisse of our modern beaux, may, though for very different reasons, be equally fit for the array of a fictitious character; but who, meaning the costume of his hero to be impressive, would willingly attire him in the court dress of George tke Second's reign, with its no collar, large sleeves and low pocket-holes? The same may be urged, with equal truth, of the Gothic hall, which, with its darkened and tinted windows, its elevated and gloomy roof, and massive oaken table garnished with boars head and rosemary, pheasants and peacocks, cranes and cygnets, has an excellent effect in fictitious description. Much may also be gained

by a lively display of a modern fete, such as we have daily recorded in that part of a newspaper entitled the Mirror of Fashion, if we contrast these, or either of them, with the splendid formality of an entertainment given Sixty Years since; and thus it will be readily seen how much the painter of antique or of fashionable manners gains over him who delineates those of the last generation.

Considering the disadvantages inseparable from this part of my subject, I must he understood to have resolved to avoid them as much as possible, by throwing the force of my narrative upon the characters and passions of the actors; — those passions common to men in all stages of society, and which have alike agitated the human heart, whether it throbbed under the steel corslet of the fifteenth century, the brocaded coat of the eighteenth, or the blue frock and white dimity waistcoat of the present day. Upon these passions it is no doubt true that the state of manners and laws casts a necessary colouring; but the bearings, to use the language of heraldry, remain the same, though the tincture may be not only different, but opposed in strong contradistinction. The wrath of our ancestors, for example, was coloured *gules;* it broke forth in acts of open and sanguinary violence against the objects of its fury:

our malignant feelings, which must seek gratification through more indirect channels, and undermine the obstacles which they cannot openly bear down, may be rather said to be tinctured *sable*. But the deep-ruling impulse is the same in both cases; and the proud peer who can now only ruin his neighbour according to law, by protracted suits, is the genuine descendant of the baron who wrapped the castle of his competitor in flames, and knocked him on the head as he endeavoured to escape from the conflagration. It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black letter or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that y have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public. Some favourable opportunities of contrast have been afforded me, by the state of society in the northern part of the island at the period of my history, and may serve at once to vary and to illustrate the moral lessons which I would willingly consider as the most important part of my plan, although I am sensible how short these will fall of their aim, if I shall be found unable to mix them with amusement, — a task not quite so easy in this critical generation as it was „Sixty Years since."

CHAPTER II.

Waverley-Honour. — A Retrospect.

It is, then, sixty years since Edward Waverley, the hero of the following pages, took leave of his family to join the regiment of dragoons in which be had lately ohtained a commission. It was a melancholy day at Waverley-Honour when the young officer parted with Sir Everard, the affectionate old uncle to whose title and estate he was presumptive heir. A difference in political opinions had early separated the Baronet from his younger brother Richard Waverley, the father of our hero. Sir Everard had inherited from his sires the whole train of tory or highchurch predilections and prejudices,

which had distinguished the house of Waverley since the great civil war. Richard, on the contrary, who was ten years younger, beheld himself born to the fortune of a second brother, and anticipated neither dignity nor entertainment in sustaining the character of Will Wimble. He saw early, that to succeed in the race of life, it was necessary he should carry as little weight as possible. Painters talk of the difficulty of expressing the existence of compound passions in the same features at the same moment: It would be no less difficult for the moralist to analyze the mixed motives which unite to form the impulse of our actions. Richard Waverley read and satisfied himself from history and sound argument, that, in the words of the old song,

Passive obedience was a jest,
And pshaw! was non-resistance;

Yet reason would have probably been unable to remove hereditary prejudice, could Richard have anticipated that Sir Everard, taking to heart an early disappointment, would have remained a bachelor at seventy-two. The prospect of succession, however remote, might in that case have led him to endure dragging through the greater part of his life as „Master Richard at the Hall, the baronet's brother,"

in hopes that ere its conclusion he should be distinguished as Sir Richard Waverley of Waverley-Honour, successor to a princely estate and to extended political connections as head of the country interest. But this was a consummation of things not to be expected at Richard's outset, when Sir Everard was in the prime of life, and certain to be an acceptable suitor in almost any family, whether wealth or beauty should be the object of his pursuit, and when, indeed, his speedy marriage was a report which regularly amused the neighbourhood once a-year. His brother therefore saw no road to independence save that of relying upon his own exertions, and adopting a political creed more consonant both to reason and his own interest than the hereditary faith of Sir Everard in high church and the house of Stuart. He therefore read his recantation at the beginning of his career, and entered life as an avowed whig, and friend of the Hanover succession.

The ministry of the period were prudently anxious to diminish the phalanx of opposition. The tory nobility, depending for their reflected lustre upon the sunshine of a court, had for some time been gradually reconciling themselves to the new dynasty. But the wealthy country gentlemen of England, a rank which retai-

ned, with much of ancient manners and primitive integrity, a great proportion of obstinate and unyielding prejudice, stood aloof in haughty and sullen opposition, and cast many a look of mingled regret and hope to Bois le Duc, Avignon, and Italy. The accession of the near relation of one of these steady and inflexible opponents was considered as a means of bringing over more converts, and therefore Richard Waverley met with a share of ministerial favour more than proportioned to his talents or his political importance. It was, however, discovered that he had respectable parts for public business, and the first admittance to the minister's levee being negociated, his success became rapid. Sir Everard learned from the public News Letter, first, that Richard Waverley, Esquire, was returned for the ministerial borough of Barterfaith; next, that Richard Waverley; Esquire, had taken a distinguished part in the debate upon the Excise bill in the support of government; and, lastly, that Richard Waverley, Esquire, had been honoured with a seat at one of those boards, where the pleasure of serving the country is combined with other important gratifications, which, to render them the more acceptable, occur regularly once a quarter.

Although these events followed each other so closely that the sagacity of the editor of a modern newspaper would have presaged the two last even while he announced the first, yet they came upon Sir Everard gradually, and drop by drop, as it were, distilled through the cool and procrastinating alembic of Dyer's Weekly Letter. For it may be observed in passing, that instead of those mail-coaches, by means of which every mechanic at his six penny club may nightly learn from twenty contradictory channels the yesterday's news of the capital, a weekly post brought, in those days, to Waverley-Honour, a Weekly Intelligencer, which, after it had gratified Sir Everard's curiosity, his sister's, and that of his aged butler, was regularly transferred from the hall to the rectory, from the rectory to Squire Stubbs' at the Grange, from the Squire to the Baronet's steward at his neat white house on the heath, from the steward to the bailiff, and from him through a huge circle of honest dames and gaffers, by whose hard and horny hands it was generally worn to pieces in about a month after its arrival.

This slow succession of intelligence was of some advantage to Richard Waverley in the case before us. For had the sum total of his enormities reached the ears of Sir Everard at

once, there can be no doubt the new commissioner would have had little reason to pique himself on the success of his politics. The Baronet, although the mildest of human beings, was not without sensitive points in his character; his brother's conduct had wounded these deeply; the Waverley estate was fettered by no entails, (for it had never entered into the head of any of its former possessors that one of their progeny could be guilty of the atrocities laid by Dyer's Letter to the door of Richard,) and if it had, the marriage of the proprietor might have been fatal to a collateral heir. These various ideas floated through the brain of Sir Everard, without, however, producing any determinate conclusion.

He examined the tree of his genealogy, which, emblazoned with many an emblematic mark of honour and heroic achievement, hung upon the well-varnished wainseot of his hall. The nearest descendants of Sir Hildebrand Waverley, failing those of his eldest son Wilfred, of whom Sir Everard and his brother were the only representatives, were, as this honoured register informed him, (and indeed as he himself well knew) the Waverleys of Highley Park, com. Hants; with whom the main branch, or rather stock, of the house had renounced all connection since the great law-suit in 1670. This

scion had committed a farther offence against the head and source of their gentility, by the intermarriage of their representative with Judith, heiress of Oliver Bradshawe, of Highley Park, whose arms, the same with those of Bradshawe the regicide, they had quartered with the ancient coat of Waverley. These offences, however, had vanished from Sir Everard's recollection in the heat of his resentment; and had Lawyer Clippurse, for whom his groom was dispatched express, arrived but an hour earlier, he might have had the benefit of drawing a new settlement of the lordship and manor of Waverley Honour, with all its dependencies. But an hour of cool reflection is a great matter, when employed in weighing the comparative evils of two measures, to neither of which we are internally partial. Lawyer Clippurse found his patron involved in a deep study, which he was too respectful to disturb, otherwise than by producing his paper and leathern ink-case, as prepared to minute his honour's commands. Even this slight manœuvre was embarrassing to Sir Everard, who felt it as a reproach to his indecision. He looked at the attorney, with some desire to issue his fiat, when the sun, emerging from behind a cloud, poured at once its chequered light through the stained window of the gloomy cabinet in which

they were seated. The Baronet's eye, as he raised it to the splendour, fell right upon the central scutcheon, impressed with the same device which his ancestor was said to have borne in the field of Hastings; three ermines passant, argent, in a field azure, with its appropriate motto, *sans tache*. «May our name rather perish,» thought Sir Everard, «than that ancient and loyal symbol should be blended with the dishonoured insignia of a traitorous round head! »

All this was the effect of the glimpse of a sunbeam just sufficient to light Lawyer Clippurse to mend his pen. The pen was mended in vain. The attorney wes dismissed, with directions to hold himself in readiness on the first summons.

The apparition of Lawyer Clippurse at the Hall occasioned much speculation in that portion of the world to which Waverley-Honour formed the centre: But the more judicious politicians of this microcosm augured yet worse consequences to Richard Waverley from a movement which shortly followed his apostacy. This was no less than an excursion of the Baronet in his coach and six, with four attendants in rich liveries, to make a visit of some duration to a noble peer on the confines of the shire, of untainted descent, steady tory principles, and the happy father of six unmarried

and accomplished daughters. Sir Everard's reception in this family was, as it may be easily conceived, sufficiently favourable; but of the six young ladies, his taste unfortunately determined him in favour of Lady Emily, the youngest, who received his attentions with an embarrassment which shewed at once that she durst not decline them, and that they afforded her any thing but pleasure. Sir Everard could not but perceive something uncommon in the restrained emotions which she testified at the advances he hazarded; but assured by the prudent Countess that they were the natural effects of a retired education, the sacrifice might have been completed, as doubtless has happened in many similar instances, had it not been for the courage of an elder sister. who revealed to the wealthy suitor that Lady Emily's affections were fixed upon a young soldier of fortune, a near relation of her own. Sir Everard manifested great emotion on receiving this intelligence, which was confirmed to him, in a private interview by the young lady herself, although under the most dreadful apprehensions of her father's indignation. Honour and generosity were hereditary attributes of the house of Waverley. With a grace and delicacy worthy the hero of a romance, Sir Everard withdrew his claim to the hand of Lady Emily. He had

even, before leaving Blandeville Castle, the address to extort from her father a consent to her union with the object of her choice. What arguments he used on this point cannot exactly be known; but the young officer immediately after this transaction rose in the army with a rapidity far surpassing the usual pace of unpatronized professional merit, although to outward appearance, that was all he had to depend upon.

The shock which Sir Everard encountered upon this occasion, although diminished by the consciousness of having acted virtuously and generously, had its effect upon his future life. His resolution of marriage had been adopted in a fit of indignation; the labour of courtship did not quite suit the dignified indolence of his habits; he had but just escaped the risk of marrying a woman who could never love him, and his pride could not be greatly flattered by the termination of his amour, even if his heart had not suffered. The result of the whole matter was his return to Waverley-Honour without any transfer of his affections, notwithstanding the sighs and languishments of the fair tell-tale, who had revealed, in mere sisterly affection, the secret of Lady Emily's attachment, and in despite of the nods, winks, and inuendoes of the officious lady mother, and the grave eulo-

giums which the Earl pronounced successively on the prudence, and good sense, and admirable disposition of his first, second, third, fourth, and fifth daugters. The memory of his unsuccessful amour was with Sir Everard, as with many more of his temper, at once shy, proud, sensitive, and indolent, a beacon against exposing himself to similar mortification, pain, and fruitless exertion for the time to come. He continued to live at Waverley-Honour in the style of an old English gentleman, of ancient descent and opulent fortune. His sister, Miss Rachael Waverley, presided at his table; and they became, by degrees, an old bachelor and an ancient maiden lady, the gentlest and kindest of the votaries of celibacy.

The vehemence of Sir Everard's resentment against his brother was but shortlived; yet his dislike to the whig and the placeman, though unable to stimulate him to resume any active measures prejudicial to Richard's interest, continued to maintain the coldness between them. Accident at length occasioned a renewal of their intercourse. Richard had married a young woman of rank, by whose family interest and private fortune he hoped to advance his career. In her right he became possessor of a manor of some value, at the distance of a few miles from Waverley-Honour.

Little Edward, the hero of our tale, then in his fifth year, was their only child. It chanced that the infant with his maid had strayed one morning to a mile's distance from the avenue of Brere-wood Lodge, his father's seat. Their attention was attracted by a carriage drawn by six stately black long-tailed horses, and with as much carving and gilding as would have done honour to my lord mayor's. It was waiting for the owner, who was at a little distance inspecting the progress of a half-built farmhouse. I know not whether the boy's nurse had been a Welch-woman or a Scotch-woman, or in what manner he associated a shield emblazoned with three ermines with the idea of personal property, but he no sooner beheld this family emblem than he stoutly determined on vindicating his right to the splendid vehicle on which it was displayed. The baronet arrived while the boy's maid was in vain endeavouring to make him desist from his determination to appropriate the gilded coach and six. The rencontre was at a happy moment for Edward, as his uncle had been just eyeing wistfully, with something of a feeling like envy, the chubby boys of the stout yeoman whose mansion was building by his direction. In the round-faced rosy cherub before him, bearing his eye and his name, and vindicating a hereditary title to his family,

affection, and patronage, by means of a tie which Sir Everard held as sacred as either Garter or Blue-mantle, Providence seemed to have granted to him the very object best calculated to fill up the void in his hopes and his affections. The child and his attendant were sent home in the carriage to Brere-wood Lodge, with such a message as opened to Richard Waverley a door of reconciliation with his elder brother. Their intercourse, however, continued to be rather formal and civil, than partaking of brotherly cordiality; yet it was sufficient to the wishes of both parties. Sir Everard obtained, in the frequent society of his little nephew, something on which his hereditary pride might found the anticipated pleasure of a continuation of his lineage, and on which his kind and gentle affections could at the same time fully exercise themselves. For Richard Waverley, he beheld in the growing attachment between the uncle and nephew the means of securing his son's, if not his own, succession to the hereditary estate, which he felt would be rather endangered than promoted by any attempt on his own part towards a more intimate commerce with a man of Sir Everard's habits and opinions.

Thus, by a sort of tacit compromise, little Edward was permitted to pass the greater part of the year at the Hall, and appeared to stand

in the same intimate relation to both families, although their intercourse was otherwise limited to formal messages and more formal visits. The education of the youth was regulated alternately by the taste and opinions of his uncle and of his father. But more of this in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Education.

The education of our hero, Edward Waverley, was of a nature somewhat desultory. In infancy his health suffered, or was supposed to suffer, (which is quite the same thing) by the air of London. As soon, therefore, as official duties, attendance on parliament, or the prosecution of any of his plans of interest or ambition, called his father to town, which was his usual residence for eight months in the year, Edward was transferred to Waverley-Honour, and experienced a change of instructors and of lessons, as well as of residence. This might have been remedied had his father placed him under the superintendance of a permanent tutor. But he considered that one of his chusing would probably have been unaccep-

table at Waverley-Honour, and that such a selection as Sir Everard might have made, were the matter left to him, would have burthened him with a disagreeable inmate, if not a political spy, in his family. He therefore prevailed upon his private secretary, a young man of taste and accomplishment, to bestow an hour or two on Edward's education while at Brere-wood Lodge, and left his uncle answerable for his improvement in literature while an inmate at the Hall.

This was in some degree respectably provided for. Sir Everard's chaplain, an Oxonian, who had lost his fellowship for declining to take the oaths at the accession of George I. was not only an excellent classical scholar, but reasonably skilled in science, and master of most modern languages. He was, however, old and indulgent, and the recurring interregnum, during which Edward was entirely freed from his discipline, occasio ed such a relaxation of authority, that the youth was permitted, in a great measure, to learn as he pleased, what he pleased, and when he pleased. This looseness of rule would have been ruinous to a boy of slow understanding, who, feeling labour in the acquisition of knowledge, would have altogether neglected it, save for the command of a task-master; and it might have proved

equally dangerous to a youth whose animal spirits were more powerful than his imagination or his feelings, and whom the irresistible influence of Alma, when seated in his arms and legs, would have engaged in field-sports from morning till night. But the character of Edward Waverley was remote from either of these. His powers of apprehension were so uncommonly quick, as almost to resemble intuition, and the chief care of his preceptor was to prevent him, as a sportsman would phrase it, from over-running his game, that is, from acquiring his knowledge in a slight, flimsy, and inadequate manner. And here the instructor had to combat another propensity too often united with brilliancy of fancy and vivacity of of talent, — that indolence, namely, of disposition, which can only be stirred by some strong motive of gratification, and which renounces study so soon as curiosity is gratified, the pleasure of conquering the first difficulties exhausted, and the novelty of pursuit at an end. Edward would throw himself with spirit upon any classical author of which his preceptor proposed the perusal, make himself master of the style so far as to understand the story, and if that pleased or interested him, he finished the volume. But it was in vain to attempt fixing his attention on critical distinctions of

philology, upon the difference of idiom, the beauty of felicitous expression, or the artificial combinations of syntax. «I can read and understand a Latin author," said young Edward, with the self-confidence and rash reasoning of fifteen, « and Scaliger or Bentley could not do much more." Alas! while he was thus permitted to read only for the gratification of his own amusement, he foresaw not that he was losing for ever the opportunity of acquiring habits of firm and incumbent application, of gaining the art of controuling, directing, and concentrating the powers of his own mind for earnest investigation, — an art far more essential than even that learning which is the primary object of study.

I am aware I may be here reminded of the necessity of rendering instruction agreeable to youth, and of Tasso's infusion of honey into the medicine prepared for a child; but an age in which children are taught the driest doctrines by the insinuating method of instructive games, has little reason to dread the consequences of study being rendered too serious or severe. The history of England is now reduced to a game at cards, the problems of mathematics to puzzles and riddles, and the doctrines of arithmetic may, we are assured, be sufficiently acquired by spending a few hours a-week at a

new and complicated edition of the Royal Game of the Goose. There wants but one step further, and the Creed and Ten Commandments may be taught in the same manner, without the necessity of the grave face, deliberate tone of recital, and devout attention hitherto exacted from the well-governed childhood of this realm. It may in the mean time be subject of serious consideration, whether those who are accustomed only to acquire instruction through the medium of amusement, may not be brought to reject that which approaches under the aspect of study; whether those who learn history by the cards, may not be led to prefer the means to the end; and whether, were we to teach religion in the way of sport, our pupils might not thereby be gradually induced to make sport of their religion. To our young hero, who was permitted to seek his instruction only according to the bent of his own mind, and who, of consequence, only sought it so long as it afforded him amusement, the indulgence of his tutors was attended with evil consequences, which long continued to influence his character, happiness, and utility. Edward's power of imagination and love of literature, although the former was vivid, and the latter ardent, were so far from affording a remedy to this peculiar evil, that they rather inflamed and

increased its violence. The library at Waverley-Honour, a large Gothic room, with double arches and a gallery, contained that miscellaneous and extensive collection of volumes usually assembled together, during the course of two hundred years, by a family which had been always wealthy, and inclined of course, as a mark of splendour, to furnish their shelves with the current literature of the day, without much scrutiny or nicety of discrimination. Throught his ample realm Edward was permitted to roam at large. His tutor had his own studies; and church politics and controversial divinity, together with a love of learned ease, though they did not withdraw his attention at stated times from the progress of his patron's presumptive heir, induced him readily to grasp at any apology for not extending a strict and regulated survey towards his general studies. Sir. Everard had never been himself a student, and, like his sister Miss Rachael Waverley, held the vulgar doctrine, that idleness is incompatible with reading of any kind, and that the mere tracing the alphabetical characters with the eye, is in itself a useful and meritorious task, without scrupulously considering what ideas or doctrines they may happen to convey. With a desire of amusement therefore, which better discipline might soon have

converted into a thirst for knowledge, young Waverley drove through the sea of books, like a vessel without a pilot or a rudder. Nothing perhaps increases by indulgence more than a desultory habit of reading, especially under such opportunities of gratifying it. I believe one reason why such numerous instances of erudition occur among the lower ranks is, that, with the same powers of mind, the poor student is limited to a narrow circle for indulging his passion for books, and must necessarily make himself master of the few he possesses ere he can acquire more. Edward, on the contrary, like the epicure who only deigned to take a single morsel from the sunny side of a peach, read no volume a moment after it ceased to excite his curiosity or interest; and it necessarily happened, that the habit of seeking only this sort of gratification rendered it daily more difficult of attainment, till the passion for reading, like other strong appetites, produced by indulgence a sort of satiety.

Ere he attained this indifference, however, he had read over, and stored in a memory of uncommon tenacity, much curious, though ill-arranged and miscellaneous information. In English literature he was master of Shakspeare and Milton, of our earlier dramatic authors, of many picturesque and interesting passages

from our old historical chronicles, and particularly of Spenser, Drayton, and other poets who have exercised themselves on romantic fiction, of all themes the most fascinating to a youthful imagination, before the passions have roused themselves, and demand poetry of a more sentimental description. In this respect his acquaintance with the Italian opened him yet a wider range. He had perused the numerous romantic poems which, from the days of Pulci, have been a favourite exercise of the wits of Italy, and had sought gratification in the numerous collections of *novelle* which were brought forth hy the genius of that elegant though luxurious nation, in emulation of the Decameron. In classical literature, Waverley had made the usual progress, and read the usual authors; and the French had afforded him an almost exhaustless collection of memoirs; scarcely more faithful thon romances, and of romances so well written as hardly to be distinguished from memoirs. The splendid pages of Froissart, with his heart-stirring and eye-dazzling descriptions of war and of tournaments, were among his chief favourites; and from those of Brantome and De la Noue he learned to compare the wild and loose, yet superstitious character of the nobles of the League, with the stern, rigid, and sometimes turbulent disposition

of the Huguenot party. The Spanish had contributed to his stock of chivalrous and romantic lore. The earlier literature of the northern nations did not escape the study of one who read, rather to awaken the imagination than to benefit the understanding. And yet, knowing much that is known but to few, Edward Waverley might justly be considered as ignorant, since he knew little of what adds dignity to man, and qualifies him to support and adorn an elevated situation in society.

The occasional attention of his parents might indeed have been of service to prevent the dissipation of mind incidental to such a desultory course of reading. But Mrs. Richard Waverley died in the seventh year after the reconciliation between the brothers, und Waverley himself, who after this event resided more constantly in London, was too much interested in his own plans of wealth and ambition, to notice more respecting Edward than that he was of a very bookish turn, and probably destined to be a bishop. If he could have discovered and analyzed his son's waking dreams, he would have formed a very different conclusion.

CHAPTER IV.

Castle-Building.

I have already hinted that the dainty, squeamish, and fastidious taste acquired by a surfeit of idle reading, had not only rendered our hero unfit for serious and sober study, but had even disgusted him in some degree with that in which he had hitherto indulged. He was in his sixteenth year, when his habits of abstraction and love of solitude became so much marked as to excite Sir Everard's affectionate apprehension. He tried to counterbalance these propensities, by engaging his nephew in field-sports, which had been the chief pleasure of his own youth. But although Edward eagerly carried the gun for one season, yet when practice had given him some dexterity, the pastime ceased to afford him amusement. In

the succeeding spring, the perusal of old Isaac Walton's fascinating volume determined Edward to become « a brother of the angle. » But of all diversions which ingenuity ever devised for the relief of idleness, fishing is the worst qualified to amuse a man who is at once indolent and impatient, and our hero's rod was speedily flung aside. Society and example, which, more than any other motives, master and sway the natural bent of our passions, might have had their usual effect upon our youthful visionary. But the neighbourhood was thinly inhabited, and the homebred young squires whom it afforded, were not of a class fit to form Edward's usual companions, far less to excite him to emulate them in the practice of those pastimes which composed the serious business of their lives. Sir Everard had, upon the death of Queen Anne, resigned his seat in parliament, and, as his age increased and the number of his contemporaries diminished, gradually withdrawn himself from society; so that, when, upon any particular occasion, Edward mingled with accomplished and well-educated young men of his own rank and expectations, he felt an inferiority in their society, not so much from deficiency of information, as from the want of the skill to command and to arrange that which he possessed. A deep and increasing

sensibility added to this dislike of society. The idea of having committed the slightest solecism in politeness, whether real or imaginary, was agony to him; for perhaps even guilt itself does not impose upon some minds so keen a sence of shame and remorse as a modest, sensitive, and inexperienced youth feels from the consciousness of having neglected etiquette, or excited ridicule. Where we are not at ease, we cannot be happy; and therefore it is not surprising, that Edward Waverley supposed that he disliked and was unfitted for society, merely because he had not yet acquired the habit of living in it with ease and comfort, and of reciprocally giving and receiving pleasure. The hours he spent with his uncle and aunt were exhausted in listening to the oft-repeated tale of narrative old age. Yet even there his imagination, the predominant faculty of his mind, was frequently excited. Family tradition and genealogical history, upon which much of Sir Everard's discourse turned, is the very reverse of amber, which, itself a valuable substance, usually includes flies, straws, and other trifles; whereas these studies, being themselves very insignificant and trifling, do nevertheless serve to perpetuate a great deal of what is rare and valuable in ancient manners, and to record many curious and minute facts which could

have been preserved and conveyed through no other medium. If, therefore, Edward Waverley yawned at times over the dry deduction of his line of ancestors, with their various intermarriages, and inwardly deprecated the remorseless and protracted accuracy with which the worthy Sir Everard rehearsed the various degrees of propinquity between the house of Waverley-Honour and the doughty barons, knights, and squires, to whom they stood allied; if (notwithstanding his obligations to the three ermines passant) he sometimes cursed in his heart the jargon of heraldry, its griffins, its moldwarps, its wyverns, and its dragons, with all the bitterness of Hotspur himself, there were moments when these communications interested his fancy and rewarded his attention. The deeds of Wilibert of Waverley in the Holy Land, his long absence and perilous adventures, his supposed death, and his return on the evening when the betrothed of his heart had wedded the hero who had protected her from insult and oppression during his absence; the generosity with which the crusader relinquished his claims, and sought in a neighbouring cloister that peace which passeth not away; — to these and similar tales he would hearken till his heart glowed and his eye glistened. Nor was he less affected, when his aunt Mrs Rachael narrated

the sufferings and fortitude of Lady Alice Waverley during the great Civil War. The benevolent features of the venerable spinster kindled into more majestic expression, as she told how Charles had, after the field of Worcester, found a day's refuge at Waverley-Honour, and how, when a troop of cavalry were approaching to search the mansion, Lady Alice dismissed her youngest son with a handful of domestics, charging them to make good with their lives an hour's diversion, that the king might have that space for escape. «And, God help her,» would Mrs Rachael continue, fixing her eyes upon the heroine's portrait as she spoke, «full dearley did she purchase the safety of her prince with the life of her darling child. They brought him here a prisoner, mortally wounded; and you may trace the drops of his blood from the great hall door along the little gallery, and up to the saloon, where they laid him down to die at his mother's feet. But there was comfort exchanged between them; for he knew from the glance of his mother's eye that the purpose of his desperate defence was attained — Ah! I remember, «she continued,» I remember well to have seen one that knew and loved him. Miss Lucy St Aubin lived and died a maid for his sake, though one of the most beautiful and wealthy matches in this

country; all the country ran after her, but she wore widow's mourning all her life for poor William, for they were betrothed though not married, and died in — I cannot think of the date; but I remember, in the November of that very year, when she found herself sinking, she desired to be brought to Waverley-Honour once more, and visited all the places where she had been with my granduncle, and caused the carpets to be raised that she might trace the impression of his blood, and if tears could have washed it out, it had not been there now; for there was not a dry eye in the house. You would have thought, Edward, that the very trees mourned for her, for their leaves dropt around her without a gust of wind; and indeed she looked like one that would never ee them green again "

From such legends our hero would steal away to indulge the fancies they excited. In the corner of the large and sombre library, with no other light than was afforded by the decaying brands on its ponderous and ample hearth, he would exercise for hours that internal sorcery by which past or imaginary events are presented iu action, as it were, to the eye of the muser. Then arose in long and fair array, the splendour of the bridal feast at Waverley-Castle; the tall and emaciated form

of its real lord, as he stood in his pilgrim's weeds, an unnoticed spectator of the festivities of his supposed heir and intended bride; the electrical shock occasioned by the discovery; the springing of the vassals to arms; the astonishment of the bridegroom; the terror and confusion of the bride; the agony with which Wilibert observed, that her heart as well as consent was in these nuptials; the air of dignity, yet of deep feeling with which he flung down the halfdrawn sword, and turned away for ever from the house of his ancestors. Then would he change the scene, and fancy would at his wish represent Aunt Rachael's tragedy. He saw the Lady Waverley seated in her bower, her ear strained to every sound, her heart throbbing with double agony; now listening to the decaying echo of the hoofs of the king's horse, and when that had died away, hearing in every breeze that shook the trees of the park, the noise of the remote skirmish. A distant sound is heard like the rushing of a swoln stream; it comes nearer, and Edward can plainly distinguish the galloping of horses, the cries and shouts of men, with straggling pistol-shots between, rolling forwards to the hall. The lady starts up — a terrified menial rushes in — But why pursue such a description.

As living in this ideal world became daily more delectable to our hero, interruption was disagreeable in proportion. The extensive domain that surrounded the Hall, which, far exceeding the dimensions of a park, was usually termed Waverley-Chase, had originally been forest ground, and still, though broken by extensive glades in which the young deer were sporting, retained its pristine and savage character. It was traversed by broad avenues, in many places half grown up with brushwood, where the beauties of former days used to take their stand to see the stag coursed with greyhounds, or to gain an aim at him with the cross-bow. In one spot, distinguished by a moss grown gothic monument which retained the name of Queen's Standing, Elizabeth herself was said to have pierced seven bucks with her own arrows. This was a favourite haunt of Edward Waverley. At other times, with his gun and his spaniel, which served as an apology to others, and with a book in his pocket, which perhaps served as an apology to himself, he used to pursue one of these long avenues, which, after an ascending sweep of four miles, gradually narrowed into a rude and contracted path through the cliffy and wooded pass called Mirkwood Dingle, and opened suddenly upon a deep, dark, and small lake, named, from the same

cause, Mirkwood-Mere. There stood in former times a solitary tower upon a rock almost surrounded by the water, which had acquired the name of the Strength of Waverley, because in perilous times it had often been the refuge of the family. There in the wars of York and Lancaster, the last adherents of the Red Rose who dared to maintain her cause carried on a harassing and predatory warfare, till the strong-hold was reduced by the celebrated Richard of Gloucester. Here too a party of cavaliers long maintained themselves under Nigel Waverley, elder brother of that William, whose fate Aunt Rachael commemorated. Through these scenes it was that Edward loved to «chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,» and, like a child among his toys, culled and arranged, from the splendid yet useless imagery and emblems with which his imagination was stored, visions as brilliant and as fading as those of an evening sky. The effect of this indulgence upon his temper and character will appear in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

Choice of a Profession,

From the minuteness with which I have traced Waverley's pursuits, and the bias which these unavoidably communicated to his imagination, the reader may perhaps anticipate, in the following tale, an imitation of the romance of Cervantes. But he will do my prudence injustice in the supposition. My intention is not to follow the steps of that inimitable author, in describing such total perversion of intellect as misconstrues the objects actually presented to the senses, but that more common aberration from sound judgment, which apprehends occurrences indeed in their reality, but communicates to them a tincture of its own romantic tone and colouring. So far was Edward Waverley from expecting general sympathy with

his own feelings, or concluding that the present state of things was calculated to exhibit the reality of those visions in which he loved to indulge, that he dreaded nothing more than the detection of such sentiments as were dictated by his musings. He neither had nor wished to have a confidant, with whom to communicate his reveries; and so sensible was he of the ridicule attached to them, that had he been to chuse between any punishment short of ignominy, and the necessity of giving a cold and composed account of the ideal world in which he lived the better part of his days, I think he would not have hesitated to chuse the former infliction. This secrecy became doubly precious as he felt in advancing life the influence of the awakening passions. Female forms of exquisite grace and beauty began to mingle in his mental adventures; nor was he long without looking abroad to compare the creatures of his own imagination with the females of actual life.

The list of the beauties who displayed their hebdomadal finery at the parish church of Waverley was neither numerous nor select. By far the most passable was Miss Sissley, or, as she rather chose to be called, Miss Cecilia Stubbs, daughter of Squire Stubbs at the Grange. I know not whether it was by the «merest ac-

cident in the world," a phrase which from female lips does not always exclude *malice prepence*, or whether it was from a conformity of taste, that Miss Cecilia more than once crossed Edward in his favourite walks through Waverley Chase. He had not as yet assumed courage to accost her on these occasions; but the meeting was not without its effect. A romantic lover is a strange idolater, who sometimes cares not out of what log he frames the object of his adoration; at least if nature has given that object any passable proportion of personal charms, he can easily play the Jeweller and Dervise in the oriental tale, *) and supply her richly out of the stores of his own imagination with supernatural beauty, and all the properties of intellectual wealth. But ere the charms of Miss Cecilia Stubbs had erected her into a positive goddess, or elevated her at least to a level with the saint her namesake, Mrs Rachael Waverley gained some intimation which determined her to prevent the approaching apotheosis. Even the most simple and unsuspicious of the female sex have (God bless them!) an instinctive sharpness of perception in such matters, which sometimes goes the

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*) See Hoppner's tale of the Seven Lovers.

length of observing partialities that never existed, but rarely misses to detect such as pass actually under their observation. Mrs Rachael applied herself, with great prudence, not to combat, but to elude, the approaching danger, and suggested to her brother the necessity that the heir of his house should see something more of the world than was consistent with constant residence at Waverley Honour. Sir Everard would not at first listen to a proposal which went to separate his nephew from him. Edward was a little bookish, he admitted; but youth, he had always heard, was the season for learning, and no doubt, when his rage for letters was abated, and his head fully stocked with knowledge, his nephew would take to field-sports and country business. He had often, he said. himself regretted that he had not spent some time in study during his youth: he would neither have shot or hunted with less skill, and he might have made the roof of St Stephen's echo to longer orations than were comprised in those zealous Noes, with which, when a member of the house during Godolphin's administration, he encountered every measure of government.

Aunt Rachael's anxiety, however, lent her address to carry her point. Every representative of their house had visited foreign parts, or

served his country in the army, before he settled for life at Waverley-Honour, and she appealed for the truth of her assertion to the genealogical pedigree, an authority which Sir Everard was never known to contradict. In short, a proposal was made to Mr Richard Waverley that his son should travel, under the direction of his present tutor, Mr. Pembroke, with a suitable allowance from the baronet's liberality He saw no objection to this overture; but upon mentioning it casually at the table of the minister, the great man looked grave The reason was explained in private. The unhappy turn of Sir Everard's politics, the minister observed, was such as would render it highly improper that a young gentleman of such hopeful prospects should travel on the continent with a tutor doubtless of his uncle's chusing, and directing his course by his instructions. What might Mr Edward Waverley's society be at Paris, what at Rome, where all manner of snares were spread by the Pretender and his sons; these were points for Mr Waverley to consider. This he could himself say, that he knew his majesty had such a just sense of Mr Richard Waverley's merits, that if his son adopted the army for a few years, a troop, he believed, might be reckoned upon in one of the dragoon regiments lately returned

from Flanders. A hint thus conveyed and enforced was not to be neglected with impunity; and Richard Waverley, though with great dread of shocking his brother's prejudices, deemed he could not avoid accepting the commission thus offered him for his son. The truth is, he calculated much, and justly, upon Sir Everard's fondness for Edward, which was unlikely to resent any step that he might take in due submission to parental authority. Two letters anounced this determination to the baronet and his nephew. The latter barely communicated the fact, and pointed out the necessary preparations for joining his regiment. To his brother, Richard was more diffuse and circuitous. He coincided with him in the most flattering manner in the propriety of his son's seeing a little more of the world, and was even humble in expressions of gratitude for his proposed assistance: was, however, deeply concerned that it was now, unfortunately, not in Edward's power exactly to comply with the plan which had been chalked out by his best friend and benefactor. He himself had thought with pain on the boy's inactivity, at an age when all his ancestors had borne arms; even Royalty himself had deigned to enquire whether young Waverley was not now in Flanders, at an age when his grandfather was already bleed

ing for his king in the great Civil War. This was accompanied by an offer of a troop of horse. What could he do? There was no time to consult his brother's inclinations, even if he could have conceived there might be objections on his part to his nephew's following the glorious career of his predecessors And in short, that Edward was now (the intermediate steps of cornet and lieutenant being overleapt with great agility) Capitain Waverley, of the —- regiment of dragoons, which he must join in their quarters at D — in Scotland, in the course of a month.

Sir Everard Waverley received this intimation with a mixture of feelings. At the period of the Hanoverain accession he had withdrawn from parliament, and his conduct, in the memorable year 1715, had not been altogether unsuspected. There were reports of private musters of tenants and horses in Waverley-Chase by moonlight, and of cases of carbines and pistols purchased in Holland, and addressed to the baronet, but intercepted by the vigilance of a riding officer of the excise, who was afterwards tossed in a blanket on a moonless night, by an association of stou tyeomen, for his officiousness. Nay, it was even said, that at the arrest of Sir W — W —, the leader of the tory party, a letter from Sir

Everard was found in the pocket of his night-gown. But there was no overt act to be founded on, and government, contented with suppressing the insurrection of 1715, felt it neither prudent nor safe to push their vengeance farther than against those who actually took up arms. Nor did Sir Everard's apprehensions of personal consequences seem to correspond with the reports spread among his whig neighbours. It was well known that he supplied with money several of the distressed Northumbrians and Scotchmen, who, after being made prisoners at Preston in Lancashire, were imprisoned in Newgate and the Marshalsea, and t was his solicitor and ordinary counsel who conducted the defence of some of these unfortunate gentlemen at their trial It was generally supossed, that had ministers possessed any real proof of Sir Everard's accession to the rebellion, he either would not have ventured thus to brave the existing government, or at least would not have done so with impunity. The feelings, howerer, which then dictated his procedings, were those of a young man, and at an agitating period. Since that time Sir Everard's jacobitism had been gradually decaying, like a fire which burns out for want of fuel. His tory and high-church principles were kept up by some occasional exercise at

elections and quarter-sessions; but these respecting hereditary right were fallen into a sort of abeyance. Yet it jarred severely upon his feelings, that his nephew should go into the army under the Brunswick dynasty; and the more so, as, independent of his high and conscientious ideas of paternal authority, it was impossible, or at least highly imprudent, to interfere authoritatively to prevent it. This suppressed vexation gave rise to many poohs and pshaws, which were placed to the account of an incipient fit of gout, until, having sent for the Army List, the worthy baronet consoled himself with reckoning the descendants of the houses of genuine loyalty, Mordaunts, Granvilles, and Stanleys, whose names were to be found in that military record; and calling up all his feelings of family grandeur and warlike glory, he concluded, with logic something like Falstaff's, that when war was at hand, although it were shame to be on any side but one, it were worse shame to be idle than to be on the worst side, though blacker than rebellion could make it. As for Aunt Rachael, her scheme had not exactly terminated according to her wishes, but she was under the necessity of submitting to circumstances; and her mortification was diverted by the imployment she found in fitting out her nephew for

the compaign, and greatly consoled by the prospect of beholding him blaze in complete uniform.

Edward Waverley himself received with animated and undefined surprise this most unexpecteg intelligence. It was, as a fine old poem expresses it, »like a fire to heather set,« that covers a solitary hill with smoke, and illumines it at the same time with dusky fire. His tutor, or, I should say Mr Pembroke, for he scarce assumed the name of tutor, picked up about Edward's room some fragments of irregular verse, which he appeared to have composed under the influence of the agitating feelings occasioned by this sudden page being turned up to him in the book of life. The doctor, who was a believer in all poetry, which was composed by his friends, and written out in fair straight lines, with a capital at the beginning of each, communicated this treasure to Aunt Rachael, who, with her spectacles dimmed with tears, transferred them to her common-place book, among choice receipts for cookery and medicine, favourite texts, and portions from high-church divines, and a few songs, amatory and jacobitical, which she had caroll'd in her younger days, from whence they were extracted when the volume itself, with other authentic records

of the Waverley family, were exposed to the inspection of the unworthy editor of this memorable history. If they afford the reader no higher amusement, they will serve at least, better than narrative of any kind, to acquaint him with the wild and irregular spirit of our hero: —

Late, when the Autumn evening fell
On Mirkwood-Mere's romantic dell,
The lake return'd, in chasten'd gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam;
Reflected in the crystall pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool;
The weather tinted rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
As if there lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
A world than earthly world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake,
And roused the Genius of the Lake!
He heard the groaning of the oak,
And donn'd at once his sable cloak,
As warrior, at the battle-cry,
Invests him with his panoply;
Then, as the whirlwind nearer press'd,
He 'gan to shake his foamy crest

O'er furrow'd brow and blacken'd cheek,
And bade his surge in thunder speak.
In wild and broken eddies whirl'd,
Flitted that fond ideal world,
And to the shore in tumult tost,
The realms of fairy bliss were lost.

Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
I saw the spirit-stirring change.
As warr'd the wind with wave and wood,
Upon the ruin'd tower I stood,
And felt my heart more strongly bound
Responsive to the lofty sound,
While, joying in the mighty roar,
I mourn'd that tranquil scene no more.

So, on the idle dreams of youth,
Breaks the loud trumpet-call of Truth,
Bids each fair vision pass away,
Like landscape on the lake that lay,
As fair, as flitting, and as frail,
As that which fled the Autumn gale—
For ever dead to fancy's eye
Be each gay form that glided by,
While dreams of love and lady's charms
Give place to honour and to arms!

In sober prose, as perhaps these verses intimate less decidedly, the transient idea of

Miss Cecilia Stubbs passed from Capitain Waverley's heart amid the turmoil which his new destinies excited. She appeared indeed in full splendour in her father's pew upon the Sunday when he attended service for the last time at the old parish church, upon which occasion, at the request of his uncle and Aunt Rachael, he was induced (nothing loth, if the truth must be told) to present himself in full uniform

There is no better antidote against entertaining too high an opinion of others, than having an excellent one of ourselves at the very same time. Miss Stubbs had indeed summoned up every assistance which art could afford to beauty; but, alas! hoop, patches, frizzled locks, and a new mantua of genuine French silk, were lost upon a young officer of dragoons, who wore for the first time his gold-laced hat, boots, and broad sword. I know not whether, like the champion of an old ballad,

His heart was all on honour bent,
He could not stoop to love;
No lady in the land had power
His frozen heart to move;

or whether the deep and flaming bars of embroidered gold, which now fenced his breast;

defied the artillery of Cecilia's eyes, but every arrow was launched at him in vain.

Yet did I mark where Cupid's shaft did light;
It lighted not on little western flower,
But on a yeoman, flower of all the west,
Hight Jonas Culbertfield, the steward's son.

Craving pardon for my heroics, (which I am unable in certain cases to resist giving way to) it is a melancholy fact, that my history must here take leave of the fair Cecilia, who, like many a daughter of Eve, after the departure of Edward, and the dissipation of certain idle visions which she had adopted, quietly contented herself with a *pis aller*, and gave her hand, at the distance of six months, to the aforesaid Jonas, son of the baronet's steward, and heir (no unfertile prospect) to a steward's fortune; besides the snug qrobability of succeeding to his father's office. All these advantages moved Squire Stubbs, as much as the ruddy brow and manly form of the suitor influenced his daughter, to abate somewhat in the article of their gentry, and so the match was concluded. None seemed more gratified than Aunt Rachael, who had hitherto looked rather askaunce upon the presumptuous damsel,

(as much so peradventure as her nature would permit) but who, on the first appearance of the new-married pair at church, honoured the bride with a smile and a profound courtesy, in presence of the rector, the curate, the clerk, and the whole congregation of the united parishes of Waverley *cum* Beverley.

I beg pardon, once and for all, of those readers who take up novels merely for amusement, for plaguing them so long with old-fashioned politics, and Whig and Tory, and Hanoverians and Jacobites. The truth is, I cannot promise them that this story shall be intelligible, not to say probable, without it. My plan requires that I should explain the motives on which its action proceeded; and these motives necessarily arose from the feelings, prejudices, and parties, of the times. I do not invite my fair readers, whose sex and impatience give them the greatest right to complain of these circumstances, into a flying chariot drawn by hippogriffs, or moved by enchantment. Mine is a humble English post-chaise, drawn upon four wheels, and keeping his majesty's highway. Such as dislike the vehicle may leave it at the next halt, and wait for the conveyance of Prince Hussein's tapestry, or Malek the Weaver's flying sentry-box. Those who are contented to remain with me will be

occasionally exposed to the dulness inseparable from heavy roads, steep hills, sloughs, and other terrestrial retardations; but, with tolerable horses and a civil driver, (as the advertisements have it) I also engage to get as soon as possible into a more picturesque and romantic country, if my passengers incline to have some patience with me during my first stages.

CHAPTER VI.

The Adieus of Waverley.

It was upon the evening of this memorable Sunday that Sir Everard entered the library, where he narrowly missed surprising our young hero as he went through the guards of the broad sword with the ancient weapon of old Sir Hildebrand, which, being preserved as an heir-loom, usually hung over the chimney in the library, beneath a picture of the knight and his horse, where the features were almost entirely hidden by the knight's profusion of curled hair, and the Bucephalus which he bestrode concealed by the voluminous robes of the Bath with which he was decorated. Sir

Everard entered, and after a glance at the picture and another at his nephew, began a little speech, which, however, soon dropt into the natural simplicity of his common manner, agitated upon the present occasion by no common feeling. «Nephew,» he said; and then, as mending his phrase, «my dear Edward, it is God's will, and also the will of your father, whom, under God, it is your duty to obey, that you should leave us to take up the profession of arms, in which so many of your ancestors have been distinguished. I have made such arrangements as will enable you to take the field as their descendant, and as the probable heir of the house of Waverley; and, sir, in the field of battle you will remember what name you bear. And, Edward, my dear boy, remember also that you are the last of that race, and the only hope of its revival depends upon you; therefore, as far as duty and honour will permit, avoid danger — I mean unnecessary danger, — and keep no company with rakes, gamblers, and whigs, of whom, it is to be feared, there are but too many in the service into which you are going Your colonel, as I am informed, is an excellent man—for a presbyterian; but you will remember your duty to God, the church of England, and the—(this breach ought to have been supplied, according

to the rubrick, with the word *king*; but as, unfortunately, that word conveyed a double and embarrassing sense, one meaning *de facto*, and the other *de jure*, the knight filled up the blank otherwise)—the church of England, and all constituted authorities." Then, not trusting himself with any farther oratory, he carried his nephew to his stables to see the horses he destined for his campaign. Two were black, (the regimental colour) superb chargers both; the other three were stout active hacks, designed for the road, or for his domestics, of whom two were to attend him from the Hall; an additional groom, if necessary, might be picked up in Scotland. «You will depart with but a small retinue," quoth the baronet, «compared to Sir Hildebrand, when he mustered before the gate of the Hall a larger body of horse than your whole regiment consists of. I could have wished that these twenty young fellows from my estate, who have enlisted in your troop, had been to march with you on your journey to Scotland. It would have been something at least; but I am told their attendance would be thought unusual in these days, when every new and foolish fashion is introduced to break the natural dependence of the people upon their landlords." Sir Everard had done his best to correct this unnatural disposition of the times;

for he had brightened the chain of attachment between the recruits and their young captain, not only by a copious repast of beef and ale, by way of parting feast, but by such a pecuniary donation to each individual, as tended rather to improve the conviviality than the discipline of their march. After inspecting the cavalry, Sir Edward again conducted his nephew to the library, where he produced a letter, carefully folded, surrounded by a little stripe of flox-silk, according to ancient form, and sealed with an accurate impression of the Waverley coat-of-arms. It was addressed, with great formality, «To Cosmo Comyne Bradwardiue, Esq. of Bradwardine, at his principal mansion of Tully-Veolan. in Perthshire, North Britain. These—By the hands of Captain Edward Waverley, nephew of Sir Everard Waverley-Honour, Bart."

The gentleman to whom this enormous greeting was addressed, of whom we shall have more to say in the sequel, had been in arms for the exiled family of Stuart in the year 1715, and was made prisoner at Preston, in Lancashire. He was a man of a very ancient family and somewhat embarrassed fortune; a scholar, according to the scholarship of Scotchman, that is, his learning was more diffuse than accurate, and he was rather a reader than a grammarian. Of his zeal for the classic authors, he is said

to have given an uncommon instance. On the road between Preston and London, he made his escape from his guards; but being afterwards found loitering near the place where they had lodged the former night, he was recognized and again arrested. His companions, and even his escort, were surprised at his infatuation, and could not help enquiring, why, being once at liberty, he had not made the best of his way to a place of safety; to which he replied, that he had intended to do so, but, in good faith, he had returned to seek his Titus Livius which he had forgot in the hurry of his escape. The simplicity of this anecdote struck the gentleman who, as we before observed, had managed the defence of some of those unfortunate persons, at the expence of Sir Everard, and perhaps some others of the party. He was, besides, himself a special admirer of the old Patavinian, and though probably his own zeal might not häve carried him such extravagant lengths, even to recover the edition of Sweynheim and Pannartz, (supposed to be the princeps) he did not the less estimate the devotion of the North Briton, and so exerted himself to remove and soften evidence, detect legal flaws, *et cetera*, that he accomplished the final discharge and deliverance of Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine from certain very

awkward consequences of a plea before our sovereign lord the king in Westminster.

The Baron of Bradwardine, for he was generally so called in Scotland, (although his intimates, from his place of residence, used to denominate him Tully-Veolan, or, more familiarly, Tully) no sooner stood *rectus in curia*, than he posted down to pay his respects and make his acknowledgments at Waverley-Honour. A congenial passion for field-sports, and a general coincidence in political opinions, cemented his friendship with Sir Everard, notwithstanding the difference of their habits and studies in other particulars; and having spent several weeks at Waverley-Honour, he departed with many expressions of regard, warmly pressing the baronet to return his visit, and partake of the diversion of grouse-shooting upon his moors in Perthshire next season. Shortly after, Mr. Bradwardine remitted from Scotland a sum in reimbursement of expences incurred in the King's High Court of Westminster, which, although not quite so formidable when reduced to the English denomination, had, in its original form of Scotch pounds, shillings, and pence, such a formidable effect upon the frame of Duncan Macwheeble, the laird's confidential factor, baron baillie, and man of resource, that he had a fit of the cholic which lasted for five

days, occasioned, he said, solely and utterly by becoming the unhappy instrument of conveying such a serious sum of money out of his native country into the hands of the false English. But patriotism, as it is the fairest, so it is often the most suspicious mark of other feelings; and many who knew Baillie Macwheeble, concluded that his professions of regret were not altogether disinterested, and that he would have grudged the monies paid to the *loons* at Westminster much less had they not come from Bradwardine estate, a fund which he considered as more particularly his own. But the Baillie protested he was absolutely disinterested —

«Woe, woe for Scotland, not a whit for me!»

The laird was only rejoiced that his worthy friend Sir Everard Waverley of Waverley-Honour, was reimbursed of the expenditure which he had outlaid on account of the house of Bradwardine. It concerned, he said, the credit of his own family, and of the kingdom of Scotland at large, that these disbursements should be repaid forthwith, and if delayed, it would be a matter of national reproach. Sir Everard, accustomed to treat much larger sums with indifference, received the remittance of L. 294 : 13 : 6, without being aware that the payment was an internationall

concern, and indeed would probably have forgot the circumstance altogether, if Baillie Macwheeble hat thought of comforting his cholic by intercepting the subsidy. A yearly intercourse took place, of a short letter, and a hamper or a cask or two between Waverley-Honour and Tully-Veolan, the English exports consisting of mighty cheeses and mightier ale, pheasants, and venison, and the Scottish returns being vested in grouse, white hares, pickled salmon, and usquebaugh. All which were meant and received as pledges of constant friendship and amity between two important houses. It followed as a matter of course, that the heir-apparent of Waverley Honour could not with propriety visit Scotland without being furnished with credentials to the Baron of Bradwardine.

When this matter was explained and settled, Mr. Pembroke expressed his wish to take a private and particular leave of his dear pupil. The good man's exhortations to Edward to preserve an unblemished life and morals, to hold fast the principles of the Christian religion, and to eschew the profane company of scoffers and latitudinarians, too much abounding in the army, were not unmingled with his political prejudices. It had pleased Heaven, he said, to place Scotland (doubtless for the sins of their ancestors in 1642) in a more deplorable state of

darkness than even this unhappy kingdom of England. Here, at least, although the candlestick of the church of England had been in some degree removed from its place, it yet afforded a glimmering light; there was a hierarchy, though schismatical and fallen from the principles maintained by those great fathers of the church, Sancroft and his brethren; there was a liturgy, though woefully perverted in some of the principal petitions. But in Scotland it was utter darkness, and, excepting a sorrowful, scattered, and persecuted remnant, the pulpits were abandoned to presbyterians, and, he feared, to sectaries of every description. It should be his duty to fortify his dear pupil to resist such unhallowed and pernicious doctrines in church and state, as must necessarily be forced at times upon his unwilling ears. — Here he produced two immense folded packets, which appeared each to contain a whole ream of closely-written manuscript. They had been the labour of the worthy man's whole life; and never were labour and zeal more absurdly wasted. He had at one time gone to London, with the intention of giving them to the world, by the medium of a bookseller in Little Britain, well known to deal in such commodities, and to whom he was instructed to address himself in a particular phrase, and with a certain sign,

which, it seems, passed at that time current among the initiated Jacobites. The moment Mr. Pembroke had uttered the Shibboleth with the appropriated gesture, the bibliopolist greeted him, notwithstanding every disclamation, by the title of Doctor, and conveying him into his back shop, after inspecting every possible and impossible place of concealment, he commenced: «Eh, doctor! — Well — all under the rose — snug — I keep no holes here even for a Hanoverian rat to hide in. And, what — eh! any good news from our friends over the water? — and how does the worthy king of France? — Or perhaps you are more lately from Rome? it must be Rome will do it at last — the church must light its candle at the old lamp. — Eh — what, cautious? I like you the better; but no fear.» Here Mr. Pembroke with some difficulty stopt a torrent of interrogations, eked out with signs, nods, and winks; and, having at length convinced the bookseller that he did him too much honour in supposing him an emissary of exiled royalty, he explained his real business.

The man of books with a much more composed air proceeded to examine the manuscripts. The title of the first was, «A Dissent from Dissenters, or the Comprehension confuted; shewing the Impossibility of any Composition between the Church and Puritans, Presbyterians,

or Sectaries of any Description; illustrated from the Scriptures, the Fathers of the Church, and the soundest controversial Divines." To this the bookseller positively demurred. «Well meant," he said," and learned, doubtless; but the time had gone by. Printed on small-pica it would run to eight hundred pages, and could never pay. Begged therefore to be excused—Loved and honoured the true church from his soul, and, had it been a sermon on the martyrdom, or any twelvepenny touch—why I would venture something for the honour of the cloth—But come, let's see the other. «Right Hereditary righted!" — Ah! there's some sense in this. Hum—hum—hum—pages so many, paper so much, letter-press—Ah—I'll tell you, though, doctor, you must knock out some of the Latin and Greek; heavy, doctor, damn'd heavy—(beg your pardon) and if you throw in a few grains more pepper — I am he that never peached my author — I have published for Drake and Charlwood Lawton, and poor Amhurst — Ah, Caleb! Caleb! Well, it was a shame to let poor Caleb starve, and so many fat rectors and squires among us. I gave him a dinner once a week; but, Lord love you, what's once a week, when a man does not know where to go the other six days? — Well, but I must shew the manuscript to little Tom Alibi the solicitor,

who manages all my law affairs—must keep on the windy side—the mob were very uncivil the last time in Old Palace Yard — all whigs and roundheads every man of them, Williamites and Hanover rats.»

The next day Mr. Pembroke again called on the publisher, but found Tom Alibi's advice had determined him against undertaking the work. «Not but what I would go to — (what was I going to say?) to the plantations for the church with pleasure — but, dear doctor, I have a wife and family; but, to show my zeal, I'll recommend the job to my neighbour Trimmel—he is a bachelor, and leaving off business, so a voyage in a western barge would not inconvenience him.» But Mr. Trimmel was also obdurate, and Mr. Pembroke, fortunately perchance for himself, was compelled to return to Waverley-Honour with his treatise in vindication of the real fundamental principles of church and state safely packed in his saddlebags.

As the public were thus likely to be deprived of the benefit arising from his lucubrations by the selfish cowardice of the trade, Mr. Pembroke resolved to make two copies of these tremendous manuscripts for the use of his pupil. He felt that he had been indolent as a tutor,

and besides his conscience checked him for complying with the request of Mr. Richard Waverley, that he would impress no sentiments upon Edward's mind inconsistent with the present settlement in church and state. «But now,» thought he, «I may without breach of my word, since he is no longer under my tuition, afford the youth the means of judging for himself, and have only to dread his reproaches for so long concealing the light which the perusal will flash upon his mind.» While he thus indulged the reveries of an author and a politician, his darling proselyte, seeing nothing very inviting in the title of the tracts, and appalled by the bulk and compact lines of the manuscript, quietly consigned them to a corner of his travelling trunk.

Aunt Rachael's farewell was brief and affectionate. She only cautioned her dear Edward, whom she probably deemed somewhat susceptible, against the fascination of Scottish beauty. She allowed that the northern part of the island contained some ancient families, but they were all whigs and presbyterians except the Highlanders; and respecting them she must needs say, there could be no great delicacy among the ladies, where the gentlemen's usual attire was, as she had been assured, to say the least, very singular, and not at all decorous. She conclud-

ed her farewell with a kind and moving benediction, and gave the young officer, as a pledge of her regard, a valuable diamond ring, (frequently worn by the male sex at that time) and a purse of broad gold pieces, which also were more common Sixty Years since than they have been of late.

CHAPTER VII.

A Horse-Quarter in Scotland.

The next morning, amid varied feelings, the chief of which was a predominant, anxious, and even solemn impression, that he was now in a great measure abandoned to his own guidance and direction, Edward Waverley departed from the Hall amid the blessings and tears of all the old domestics and the inhabitants of the village, mingled with some sly petitions for serjeantcies and corporal-ships, and so forth, on the part of those who professed that they never thoft to ha' seen Jacob, and Giles, and Jonathan, go off for soldiers, save to attend his honour, as in duty bound. Edward, as in duty bound, extricated himself from the supplicants with the pledge of fewer promises than might have been expected from a young man solittle accustomed

to the world. After a short visit to London, he proceeded on horseback, then the general mode of conveyance, to Edinburgh, and from thence to D—, a seaport on the eastern coast of Angus-shire, where his regiment was then quartered.

He now entered upon a new world, where, for a time, all was beautiful because all was new. Colonel G—, the commanding officer of the regiment, was himself a study for a romantic, and at the same time an inquisitive, youth. In person he was tall, handsome, and active, though somewhat advanced in life. In his early years, he had been what is called, by manner of palliative, a very gay young man, and strange stories were circulated about his sudden conversion from doubt, if not infidelity, to a serious and even enthusiastic turn of mind. It was whispered that a supernatural communication, of a nature obvious even to the exterior senses, had produced this wonderful change; and though some mentioned the proselyte as an enthusiast, none hinted at his being a hypocrite. This singular and mystical circumstance gave Colonel G— a peculiar and solemn interest in the eyes of the young soldier. It may be easily imagined that the officers of a regiment, commanded by so respectable a person,

composed a society more sedate and orderly than a military mess always exhibits; and that Waverley escaped some temptations to which he might otherwise have been exposed.

Meanwhile his military education proceeded. Already good horseman, he was now initiated into the arts of the manege, which, when carried to perfection, almost realize the fable of the Centaur, the guidance of the horse appearing to proceed from the rider's mere volition rather than from the use of any external and apparent signal of motion. He received also instructions in his field duty; but I must own, that when his first ardour was past, his progress fell short in the latter particular of what he wished and expected. The duty of an officer, the most imposing of all othérs to the inexperienced mind, because accompanied with so much outward pomp and circumstance, is in its essence a very dry and abstract task, depending chiefly upon arithmetical combinations, requiring much attention, and a cool and reasoning head to bring them into action. Our hero was liable to fits of absence, in which his blunders excited some mirth, and called down some reproof. This circumstance impressed him with a painful sense of inferiority in those qualities which appeared most to deserve and obtain regard in his new profession He asked himself in vain, why

his eye could not judge of distance or space so well as those of his companions; why his head was not always successful in disentangling the various partial movements necessary to execute a particular evolution; and why his memory, so alert upon most occasions, did not correctly retain technical phrases, and minute points of etiquette or field discipline. Waverley was naturally modest, and therefore did not fall into the egregious mistake of supposing such minuter rules of military duty beneath his notice, or conceiting himself to be born a general because he made an indifferent subaltern. The truth was, that the vague and unsatisfactory course of reading which he had pursued, working upon a temper naturally retired and abstracted, had given him that wavering and unsettled habit of mind which is most averse to study and rivetted attention. Time, in the meanwhile, hung heavy on his hands. The gentry of the neighbourhood were disaffected, and shewed little hospitality to the military guests; and the people of the town, chiefly engaged in mercantile pursuits were not such as Waverley chose to associate with. The arrival of summer, and a curiosity to know something more of Scotland than he could see in a ride from his quarters, determined him to request leave of absence for a few weeks. He resolved first to visit his uncle's

ancient friend and correspondent, wfth a purpose of extending or shortening the time of his residence according to circumstances. He travelled of course on horseback, and with a single attendant; and passed his first night at a miserable inn, where the landlady had neither shoes nor stockings, and the landlord, who called himself a gentleman, was disposed to be rude to his guest, because he had not bespoke the pleasure of his society to supper. The next day, traversing an open and uninclosed country, Edward gradually approached the Highlands of Perthshire, which at first had appeared a blue outline in the horizon, but now swelled into huge gigantic masses, which frowned defiance over the more level country that lay beneath them. Near the bottom of this stupendous barrier, but still in the Lowland country, dwelt Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine of Bradwardine; and if greyhaired eld can be in aught believed, there had dwelt his ancestors, with all their heritage, since the days of the gracious King Duncan.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Scottish Manor-House Sixty Years since.

It was about noon when Captain Waverley entered the straggling village, or rather hamlet of Tully Veolan, close to which was situated the mansion of the proprietor. The houses seemed miserable in the extreme especially to an eye accustomed to the smilling neatness of English cottages. They stood, without any respect for regularity, on each side of a straggling kind of unpaved street, where children, almost in a primitive state of nakedness, lay sprawling, as if to be crushed by the hoofs of the first passing horse. Occasionally, indeed, when such a consummation seemed inevitable, a watchful old grandam, with her close cap,

distaff, and spindle, rushed like a sybil in frenzy out of one of these miserable cells, dashed into the middle of the path, and snatching up her own charge from among the sunburnt loiterers, saluted him with a sound cuff, and transported him back to his dungeon, the little white-headed varlet screaming all the while from the very top of his lungs a shrilly treble to the growling remonstrances of the enraged matron. Another part in this concert was sustained by the incessant yelping of a score of idle useless curs, which followed, snarling, barking, howling, and snapping at the horses' heels; a nuisance at that time so common in Scotland, that a French tourist, who, like other travellers, longed to find a good and rational reason for every thing he saw, has recorded, as one of the memorabilia of Caledonia, that the state maintained in each village a relay of curs, called *collies*, whose duty it was to chase the *cheveaux de poste* (too starved and exhausted to move without such a stimulus) from one hamlet to another, till their annoying convoy drove them to the end of their stage. The evil and remedy (such as it is) still exist: But this is remote from our present purpose, and is only thrown out for consideration of the collectors under Mr Dent's dog-bill.

As Waverley moved on, here and there an old man, bent as much by toil as years, his eyes bleared with age and smoke, tottered to the door of his hut, to gaze on the dress of the stranger and the form and motions of the horses, and then assembled, with his neighbours, in a little group at the smithy, to discuss the probabilities of whence the stranger came, and where he might be going. Three or four village girls, returning from the well or brook with pitchers and pails upon their heads, formed more pleasing objects, and, with their thin short gowns and single petticoats, bare arms, legs, and feet, uncovered heads and braided hair, somewhat resembled Italian forms of landscape. Nor could a lover of the picturesque have challenged either the elegance of their costume, or the symmetry of their shape, although, to say the truth, a mere Englishman, in search of the *comfortable*, a word peculiar to his native tongue, might have wished the clothes less scanty, the feet and legs somewhat protected from the weather, the head and complexion shrouded from the sun, or perhaps might even have thought the whole person and dress cousiderably improved, by a plentiful application of spring water, with a *quantum sufficit* of soap. The whole scene was depressing, for it argued, at the first

glance, at least a stagnation of industry, and perhaps of intellect. Even curiosity, the busiest passion of the idle, seemed of a listless cast in the village of Tully-Veolan: the curs aforesaid alone shewed any part of its activity; with the villagers it was passive. They stood and gazed at the handsome young officer and his attend- and, but without any of those quick motions and eager looks, that indicate the earnestness with which those who live in monotonous ease at home, look out for amusement abroad. Yet the physiognomy of the people, when more closely examined, was far from exhibiting the indifference of stupidity, their features were rough, but remarkably intelligent, grave, but the very reverse of stupid; and from among the young women, an artist might have chosen more than one model whose features and form resembled those of Minerva. The childern also, whose skins were burnt black, and whose hair was bleached white, by the influence of the sun, had a look and manner of life and interest. It seemed, upon the whole, as if poverty, and indolence, its too frequent companion, were combining to depress the natural genius and acquired information of a hardy, intelligent, and reflecting peasantry.

Some such thoughts crossed Waverley's mind as he paced his horse slowly through the rug-

ged and flinty street of Tully-Veolan, interrupted only in his meditations by the occasional cabrioles which his charger exhibited at the reiterated assaults of these canine Cossacks, the *collies* before mentioned. The village was more than half a mile long, the cottages being irregularly divided from each other by gardens, or yards, as the inhabitants called them, of different sizes, where (for it is Sixty Years since) the now universal potatoe was unknown, but which were stored with gigantic plants of *kale* or colewort, encircled with groves of nettles, and exhibited here and there a huge hemlock, or the national thistle, overshadowing a quarter of the petty inclosure. The broken ground on which the village was built had never been levelled, so that these inclosures presented declivities of every degree, here rising like terraces, there sinking like tan-pits. The dry stone walls which fenced or seemed to fence, (for they were sorely breached,) these hanging gardens of Tully-Veolan, were intersected by a narrow lane leading to the common field, where the joint labour of the villagers cultivated alternate ridges and patches of rye, oats, barley, and pease, each of such minute extent, that at a little distance the unprofitable variety of the surface resembled a tailor's book of patterns. In a few favoured

instances, there appeared behind the cottages a miserable wigwam, compiled of earth, loose stones, and turf, where the wealthy might perhaps shelter a starved cow or sorely galled horse. But almost every hut was fenced in front by a huge black stack of turf on one side of the door, while on the other the family dunghill ascended in noble emulation. About a bow-shot from the end of the village appeared the inclosures proudly denominated the Parks of Tully-Veolan, being certain square fields, surrounded and divided by stone walls five feet in height. In the centre of the exterior barrier was the upper gate of the avenue, opening under an archway, battlemented on the top, and adorned with two large weather-beaten mutilated masses of upright stone, which, if the tradition of the hamlet could be trusted had once represented, at least had been once designed to represent, two rampant bears, the supporters of the family of Bradwardine. This avenue was straight, and of moderate length, running between a double row of very ancient horse-chesnuts, planted alternately with sycamores which rose to such huge height, and flourished so luxuriantly, that their boughs completely overarched the broad road beneath. Beyond these venerable ranks, and running parallel to them, were two high walls, of

apparently the like antiquity, overgrown with ivy, honey-suckle, and other climbing plants. The avenue seemed very little trodden, and chiefly by foot passengers; so that being very broad, and enjoying a constant shade, it was clothed with grass of a very deep and rich verdure, excepting where a foot-path, worn by occasional passengers, tracked with a natural sweep the way from the upper to the lower gate. This nether portal, like the former, opened in front of a wall ornamented with some rude sculpture, and battlemented on the top, over which were seen, half-hidden by the trees of the avenue, the high steep roofs and narrow gables of the mansion, with lines indented into steps, and corners decorated with small turrets. One of the folding leaves of the lower gate was open, and as the sun shone full into the court behind, a long line of brilliancy was flung upon the aperture up the dark and gloomy avenue. It was one of those effects which a painter loves to represent, and mingled well with the struggling light which found its way between the boughs of the shady arch that vaulted the broad green alley.

The solitude and repose of the whole scene seemed almost monastic, and Waverley, who had given his horse to his servant on entering

the first gate, walked slowly down the avenue, enjoying the grateful and cooling shade, and so much pleased with the placid ideas of rest and seclusion excited by this confined and quiet scene, that he forgot the misery and dirt of the hamlet he had left behind him. The opening into the paved court-yard corresponded with the rest of the scene. The house, which seemed to consist of two or three high, narrow, and steep-roofed buildings, projecting from each other at right angles, formed one side of the inclosure. It had been built at a period when castles were no longer necessary, and when the Scottish architects had not yet acquired the art of designing a domestic residence. The windows were numberless, but very small; the roof had some non-descript kind of projections, called bartizans, and displayed at each frequent angle a small turret, rather resembling a pepper-box than a Gothic watch-tower. Neither did the front indicate absolute security from danger. There were loop-holes for musquetry, and iron stancheons on the lower windows, probably to repel any roving band of gipsies, or resist a predatory visit from the Caterans of the neighbouring Highlands. Stables and other offices occupied another side of the square. The former were low vaults, with narrow slits instead of windows, resembling,

as Edward's groom observed, «rather a prison for murderers and larceners, and such like as are tried at sizes, than a place for any Christian cattle.» Above these dungeon-looking stables were granaries, called girnels, and other offices, to which there was access by outside stairs of heavy masonry. Two battlemented walls, one of which faced the avenue and the other divided the court from the garden, completed the inclosure.

It was not without its ornaments. In one corner was a tun-bellied pigeon-house, of great size und rotundity, resembling in figure and proportion the curious edifice called Arthur's Oven, which would have turned the brains of all the antiquaries in England, had not the worthy proprietor pulled it down for the sake of mending a neighbouring dam-dyke. This dove-cote, or *columbarium*, as the owner called it, was no small resource to a Scottish laird of this period, whose scanty rents were eked out by the contributions levied upon the farms by these light foragers, and the conscriptions exacted from the latter for the benefit of the table.

Another corner of the court displayed a fountain, where a huge bear, carved in stone predominated over a large stone bason, into

which he disgorged the water. This work of art was the wonder of the country ten miles round. It must not be forgotten, that all sorts of bears, small and large, demi or in full proportion, were carved over the windows, upon the ends of the gables, terminated the spouts, and supported the turrets, with the ancient family motto « *Bewar the Bar*, » cut under each hyperborean form. The court was spacious, well paved, and perfectly clean, there being probably another entrance behind the stables for removing the litter. Every thing around appeared solitary, and would have been silent, but for the continued splashing of the fountain; and the whole scene still maintained the monastic illusion which the fancy of Waverley had conjured up. — And here we beg permission to close a chapter of still life.

CHAPTER IX.

More of the Manor-House and its Environs.

After having satisfied his curiosity by gazing around him for a few minutes, Waverley applied himself to the massive knocker of the hall door, the architrave of which bore the date 1594. But no answer was returned, though the peal resounded through a number of apartments, and was echoed from the court-yard walls without the house, startling the pigeons from the venerable rotunda which they occupied, and alarming anew even the distant village curs, which had retired to sleep upon their respective dunghills. Tired of the din which he created, and the unprofitable responses

which it excited, Waverley began to think that he had reached the castle of Orgoglio, as entered by the victorious Prince Arthur,

> When 'gan he loudly through the house to call,
> But no man cared to answer to his cry;
> There reign'd a solemn silence over all,
> Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seen in bower or hall.

Filled almost with expectation of beholding some « old, old man, with beard as white as snow, » whom he might question concerning this deserted mansion, our hero turned to a little oaken wicket-door, well clenched with iron nails, which opened in the court-yard wall at its angle with the house. It was only latched, notwithstanding its fortified appearance, and when opened, admitted him into the garden, which presented a pleasing scene. The southern side of the house, clothed with fruit-trees, and having many evergreens trained upon its walls, extended its irregular yet venerable front, along a terrace, partly paved, partly gravelled, partly bordered with flowers and choice shrubs. This elevation descended by three several flights of steps, placed in its centre and at the extremities, into what might be

called the garden proper, and was fenced along the top by a stone parapet with a heavy balustrade, ornamented from space to space with huge grotesque figures of animals seated upon their haunches, among which the favourite bear was repeatedly introduced. Placed in the middle of the terrace, between a sashed-door opening from the house and the central flight of steps, a huge animal of the same species supported on his head and fore paws a sun-dial of large circumference, inscribed with more diagrams than Edward's mathematics enabled him to decypher.

The garden, which seemed to be kept with great accuracy, and abounded in fruit-trees, exhibited a profusion of flowers and evergreens, cut into grotesque forms. It was laid out in terraces, which descended rank by rank from the western wall to a large brook, which had a tranquil and smooth appearance where it served as a boundary to the garden; but near the extremity leaped in tumult over a strong dam, or wear-head, the cause of its temporary tranquillity, and there forming a cascade, was overlooked by an octangular summer-house, with a gilded bear on the top by way of vane. After this feat, the brook, assuming its natural rapid and fierce character, escaped from the

eye down a deep and wooded dell, from the copse of which arose a massive, but ruinous tower, the former habitation of the Barons of Bradwardine. The margin of the brook, opposite to the garden, displayed a narrow meadow or *haugh*, as it was called, which formed a small washing-green; the bank, which retired behind it, was covered by ancient trees.

The scene, though pleasing, was not quite equal to the gardens of Alcina; yet it wanted not the « *due donzelette garrule* » of that enchanted paradise, for upon the green aforesaid two bare legged damsels, each standing in a spacious tub, performed with their feet the office of a patent washing-machine. These did not, however, like the maidens of Armida, remain to greet with their harmony the approaching guest, alarmed at the appearance of a handsome stranger on the opposite side, dropped their garments (I should say garment, to be quite correct) over their limbs, which their occupation exposed somewhat too freely, and, with a shrill exclamation of « Eh, sirs! » uttered with an accent between modesty and coquetry, sprung off like deer in different directions.

Waverley began to despair of gaining entrance into this solitary and seemingly enchant-

ed mansion, when a man advanced up one o the garden alleys, where he still retained his station. Trusting this might be a gardener, or some domestic belonging to the house, Edward descended the steps in order to meet him; but as the figure approached, and long before he could descry its features, he was struck with the oddity of its appearance and gestures. Sometimes this mister wight held his hands clasped over his head, like an Indian Jogue in the attitude of penance; sometimes he swung them perpendicularly, like a pendulum, on each side; and anon he slapped them swiftly and repeatedly across his breast, like the substitute used by a hackney coachman for his usual flogging exercise, when his cattle are idle upon the stand, in a clear forsty day. His gait was as singular as his gestures, for at times he hopp'd with great perseverance on the right foot, then exchanged that supporter to advance in the same manner on the left, and then putting his feet close together, he hopp'd upon both at once. His dress also was antiquated and extravagant. It consisted in a sort of grey jerkin, with scarlet cuffs and slash'd sleeves, shewing a scarlet lining; the other parts of the dress corresponded in colour, not forgetting a pair of scarlet stockings, and a scarlet bonnet, proudly surmounted with a

turkey's feather. Edward, whom he did not seem to observe, now perceived confirmation in his features of what the mien and gestures had already announced. It was apparently neither idiocy nor insanity which gave that wild, unsettled, irregular expression to a face which naturally was rather handsome, but something that resembled a compound of both, where the simplicity of the fool was mixed with the extravagance of a crazed imagination. He sung with great earnestness, and not without some taste, a fragment of an old Scotch ditty:

False love, and hast thou play'd me this
In summer among the flowers?
I will repay thee back again
In winter among the showers.
Unless again, again, my love
Unless you turn again;
As you with other maidens rove,
I'll smile on other men.

Here lifting up his eyes, which had hitherto been fixed in observing how his feet kept time to the tune, he beheld Waverley, and instantly doff'd his cap, with many grotesque signals of surprise, respect, and salutation. Edward, though with little hope of receiving an answer to any constant question,

requested to know whether Mr. Bradwardine were at home, or where he could find any of the domestics. The questioned party replied, — and, like the witch of Thalaba, «still his spech was song,» —

The Knight's to the mountain
His bugle to wind;
The Lady's to greenwood
Her garland to bind.
The bower of Burd Ellen
Has moss on the floor,
That the step of Lord William
Be silent and sure.

This conveyed no information, and Edward, repeating his queries, received a rapid answer, in which, from the haste and the peculiarity of the dialect, the word «butler» was alone intelligible. Waverley then requested to see the butler; upon which the fellow, with a knowing look and nod of intelligence, made a signal to Edward to follow, and began to dance and caper down the alley up which he had made his approaches. «A strange guide this,» thought Edward, «and not much unlike one of Shakespeare's roynish clowns. I am not over prudent to trust to his pilotage; but wiser men have been led by fools.» By this time he

reached the bottom of the alley, where, turning short on a little parterre of flowers, shrouded from the east and north by a close yew hedge, he found an old man at work without his coat, whose appearance hovered between that of an upper servant and gardener; his red nose and ruffled shirt belonging to the former profession, his hale and sunburnt visage, with his green apron, appearing to indicate

Old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden.

The major domo, for such he was, and indisputably the second officer of state in the barony, (nay, as chief minister of the interior, superior even to Baillie Macwheeble, in his own department of the kitchen and cellar) — the major domo laid down his spade, slipped on his coat in haste, and, with a wrathful look at Edward's guide, probably excited by his having introduced a stranger while he was engaged in this laborious, and, as he might suppose it, degrading office, requested to know the gentleman's commands. Being informed that he wished to pay his respects to his master, that his name was Waverley, and so forth, the old man's countenance assumed a great deal of respectful importance. «He could take

it upon his conscience to say, his honour would have exceeding pleasure in seeing him. Would not Mr Waverley chuse some refreshment after his journey? His honour was with the folk who were getting doon the dark hag; the twa gardener lads (an emphasis on the word *twa*) had been ordered to attend him; and he had been just amusing himself in the mean time with dressing Miss Rose's flowerbed, that he might be near to receive his honour's orders, if need were: he was very fond of a garden, but had little time for such divertisements." — «He canna get it wrought in abune twa days in the week at no rate whatever," said Edward's fantastic conductor. A grim look from the butler chastised his interference, and he commanded him, by the name of Davie Gellatley, in a tone which admitted no discussion, to look for his honour at the dark hag, and tell him there was a gentleman from the south had arrived at the Ha'. «Can this poor fellow deliver a letter?" asked Edward. «With all fidelity, sir, to any one whom he respects. I would hardly trust him with a long message by word of mouth — though he is more knave than fool."

Waverley delivered his credentials to Mr Gellatley, who seemed to confirm the butler's

last observation, by twisting his features at him, when he was looking another way, into the resemblance of the grotesque face on the bole of a German tobacco-pipe; after which, with an odd congé to Waverley, he danced off to discharge his errand. «He is an innocent, sir,» said the butler; «there is one such in almost every town in the country, but ours is brought far ben. He used to work a day's turn weel eneugh; but he help'd Miss Rose when she was flemit with the Laird of Killancureit's new English bull, and since that time we ca' him Davie Do-little; indeed we might ca' him Davie Do-nothing, for since he got that gay clothing, to please his honour and my young mistress, (great folks will have their fancies) he has done nothing but dance up and down about the *toun*, without doing a single turn, unless trimming the laird's fishing-wand or busking his flies, or may be catching a dish of trouts at an overtime. But here comes Miss Rose, who, I take burden upon me for her, will be especial glad to see one of the house of Waverley at her father's mansion of Tully-Veolan.»

But Rose Bradwardine deserves better of her unworthy historian, than to be introduced at the end of a chapter.

In the meanwhile it may be noticed, that Waverley learned two things from this colloquy; that in Scotland a single house was called a *town*, and a natural fool an *innocent*.

CHAPTER X.

Rose Bradwardine and her Father.

MISS BRADWARDINE was but seventeen; yet, at the last races of the county town of —, upon her health being proposed among a round of beauties, the Laird of Bumperquaigh, permanent toast-master and croupier of the Bautherwhillery Club, not only said *More*, to the pledge in a pint bumper of Bourdeaux, but, ere pouring forth the libation, denominated the divinity to whom it was dedicated, the «Rose of Tully-Veolan;» upon which festive occasion, three cheers were given by all the sitting members of that respectable society, whose throats the wine had left capable of such exertion. Nay,

I am well assured, that the sleeping partners of the company snorted applause, and that although strong bumpers and weak brains had consigned two or three to the floor, yet even these, fallen as they were from thei igh estate, and weltering—I will carry the parody no further—uttered divers inarticulate sounds intimating their assent to the motion.

Such unanimous applause could not be extorted but by acknowledged merit; and Rose Bradwardine not only deserved it, but also the approbation of much more rational persons than the Bautherwhillery Club could have mustered, even before discussion of the first *magnum*. She was indeed a very pretty girl of the Scotch cast of beauty, that is, with a profusion of hair of paley gold, and a skin like the snow of her own mountains in whiteness. Yet she had not a pallid or pensive cast of countenance; her features, as well as her temper, had a lively expression; her complexion, though not not florid, was so pure as to seem transparent, and the slightest emotion sent her whole blood at once to her face and neck. Her form, though under the common size, was remarkably elegant, and her motions light, easy, and unembarrassed. She came from another part of

the garden to receive Captain Waverley, with a manner that hovered between bashfulness and courtesy.

The first greetings past, Edward learned from her that the *dark hag*, which had somewhat puzzled him in the butler's account of his master's avocations, had nothing to do either with a black cat or a broomstick, but was simply a portion of oak copse which was to be felled that day. She offered, with embarrassed civility, to shew the stranger the way to the spot, which, it seems, was not far distant; but they were prevented by the appearance of the Baron of Bradwardine in person, who, summoned by David Gellatley, now appeared, «on hospitable thoughts intent," clearing the ground at a prodigious rate with swift and long strides, which reminded Waverley of the seven-league boots of the nursery fable. He was a tall, thin, athletic figure, old indeed and grey-haired, but with every muscle rendered as tough as whipcord by constant exercise. He was dressed carelessly, and more like a Frenchman than an Englishman of the period, while from his hard features and perpendicular rigidity of stature, he bore some resemblance to a Swiss officer of the guards, who had resided some time at Paris, and caught the *costume*, but not the

ease or manner of its inhabitants. The truth was, that his language and habits were as heterogeneous as his external appearance.

Owing to his natural disposition to study, or perhaps to a very general Scottish fashion of giving young men of rank a legal education, he had been bred with a view to the bar. But the politics of his family precluding the hope of his rising in that profession, Mr. Bradwardine travelled with high reputation for several years, and made some campaigns in foreign service. After his demelèe with the law of high treason in 1715, he had lived in retirement, conversing almost entirely with those of his own principles in the vicinage. The pedantry of the lawyer, superinduced upon the military pride of the soldier, might remind a modern of the days of the zealous volunteer service, when the bar-gown of our pleaders was often ſlung over a blazing uniform. To this must be added the prejudices of ancient birth and jacobite politics, greatly strengthened by habits of solitary and secluded authority, which, though exercised only within the bounds of his half-cultivated estate, was there indisputable and undisputed. For, as he used to observe, «the lands of Bradwardine, Tully-Veolan, and others, had been erected into a free

barony by a charter from David the First, *cum liberali potest, habendi curias et justicias, cum fossa et furca* (LIE pit and gallows) *et saka et soka, et thol et theam, et infang thief et out fang thief, sive hand-habend. sive bak-barand.*" The peculiar meaning of all these cabalistical words few or none could explain; but they implied, upon the whole, that the Baron of Bradwardine might imprison, try, and execute his vassals and tenants at his pleasure. Like James the First, however, the present possessor of this authority was more pleased in talking about prerogative than in exercising it; and excepting that he imprisoned two poachers in the dungeon of the old tower of Tully-Veolan, where they were sorely frightened by ghosts, and almost eaten by rats, and that he set an old woman in the *jougs* (or Scottish pillory) for saying «there were mair fules in the laird's ha' house than Davie Gellatley," I do not learn that he was accused of abusing his high powers. Still, however, the conscious pride of possessing them gave additional importance to his language and deportment.

At his first address to Waverley; it would seem that the hearty pleasure he felt to behold the nephew of his friend had somewhat discomposed the stiff and upright dignity of the Baron

of Bradwardine's demeanour, for the tears stood in the old gentleman's eyes, when, having first shaken Edward heartily by the hand in the English fashion, he embraced him *a-la-mode Françoise*, and kissed him on both sides of the face; while the hardness of his gripe, and the quantity of Scotch snuff which his *accolade* communicated, called corresponding drops of moisture to the eyes of his guest.

«Upon the honour of a gentleman,» he said, «but it makes me young again to see you here, Mr. Waverley! A worthy scion of the old stock of Waverley-Honour—*spes altera*, as Marohath it—and you have the look of the old line, Captain Waverley; not so portly yet as my old friend Sir Everard—*mais cela viendra avec le tems*, as my Dutch acquaintance, Baron Kikkitbroeck, said of the *sagesse* of *Madame son epouse*. — And so ye have mounted the cockade? Right, right; though I could have wished the colour different, and so I would ha' deemed might Sir Everard. But no more of that; I am old, and times are changed. — And how does the worthy knight baronet, and the fair Mr. Rachael? — Ah, ye laugh, young man! but she was the fair Mrs. Rachael in the year of grace seventeen hundred and sixteen; but time passes — *et singula praedantur anni* — that is

most certain. But once again, ye are most heartily welcome to my poor house of Tully-Veolan! — Hie to the house, Rose, and see that Alexander Saunderson looks out the old Chateau Margoux, which I sent from Bourdeaux to Dundee in the year 1713."

Rose tripped off demurely enough till she turned the first corner, and then ran with the speed of a fairy, that she might gain leisure, after discharging her father's commission, to put her own dress in order, and produce all her little finery, an occupation for which the approaching dinner-hour left but little time.
„We cannot rival the luxuries of your English table, Captain Waverley, or give you the *epulae lautiores* of Waverley-Honour — I say *epulae* rather than *prandium*, because the latter phrase is popular; *Epulae ad senatum, prandium vero ad populum attinet*, says Suetonius Tranquillus. But I trust ye will applaud my Bourdeaux; *c'est des doux oreilles*, as Captain Vinsauf used to say—*Vinum primae notae*, the Principal of St. Andrew's denominated it. And, once more, Captain Waverley, right glad am I that ye are here to drink the best my cellar can make forthcoming."

This speech, with the necessary interjectional answers, continued from the lower alley where

they met, up to the door of the house, were four or five servants in old fashioned liveries, headed by Alexander Saunderson the butler, who now bore no token of the sable stains of the garden, received them in grand *costume*,

In an old hall hung round with pikes and with bows,
With old bucklers and corslets that had borne many shrewd blows.

With much ceremony, and still more real kindness, the Baron, without stopping in any intermediate apartment, conducted his guest through several into the great dining parlour, wainscotted with black oak, and hung round with the pictures of his ancestry, where a table was set forth in form for six persons, and an old-fashioned beaufet displayed all the ancient and massive plate of the Bradwardine family. A bell was now heard at the head of the avenue; for an old man, who acted as porter upon gala days, had caught the alarm given by Waverley's arrival, and, repairing to his post, announced the arrival of other guests.

These, as the Baron assured his young friend, were very estimable persons. «There was the young Laird of Balmawhapple, a Falconer by

surname, of the house of Glenfarquhar, given right much to field-sports — *gaudet equis et canibus*—but a very discreet young gentleman. Then there was the Laird of Killancureit, who had devoted his leisure *untill* tillage and agriculture, and boasted himself to be possessed of a bull of matchless merit, brought from the county of Devon (the Damnonia of the Romans, if we can trust Robert of Cirencester.) He is, as ye may well suppose from such a tendency, but of yeoman extraction—*servabit odorem testa diu* — and I believe, between ourselves, his grandsire was from the wrong side of the Border—one Bullsegg, who came hither as a steward, or bailiff, or ground officer, or something in that department, to the last Girnigo of Killancureit, who died of an atrophy. After his master's death, sir, — ye would hardly believe such a scandal, — but this Bullsegg, being portly and comely of aspect. intermarried with the lady-dowager, who was young and amorous, and possessed himself of the estate, which devolved on this unhappy woman by a settlement of her umwhile husband, in direct contravention of an unrecorded taillie, and to the prejudice of the disponer's own flesh and blood, in the person of his natural heir and seventh cousin, Girnigo of Tipperhewit, whose family was so reduced by the ensuing law-suit, that

his representative is now serving as a private gentleman - centinel in the Highland Black Watch. But this gentleman, Mr. Bullsegg of Killancureit that now is, has good blood in his veins by the mother and grandmother, who were both of the family of Pickletillim, and he is well liked and looked upon, and knows his own place. And God forbid, Captain Waverley, that we of irreproachable lineage should exult over him, when it may be, that in the eighth, ninth, or tenth generation. his progeny may rank, in a manner, with the old gentry of the country. Rank and ancestry, sir, should be the last words in the mouths of us men of unblemished race — *vix ea nostra voco*, as Naso saith. — There is, besides, a clergyman of the true (though suffering) episcopal church of Scotland. He was a confessor in her cause after the year 1715, when a whiggish mob destroyed his meeting house, tore his surplice, and plundered his dwelling-house of four silver spoons, intromitting also with his mart and his meal-ark, and with two barrels, one of single and one of double ale, besides three bottles of brandy. My Baron Baillie and doer, Mr. Duncan Macwheeble, is the fourth on our list. There is a question, owing to the incertitude of ancient orthography, whether he

belongs to the clan of Wheedle or of Quibble, but both have produced persons eminent in the law." —

As thus he described them by person and name
They enter'd, and dinner was served as they came.

CHAPTER XI.

The Banquet.

The entertainment was ample, and handsome according to the Scotch ideas of the period, and the guests did great honour to it. The baron eat like a famished soldier, the Laird of Balmawhapple like a sportsman, Bullsegg of Killancureit like a farmer, Waverley himself like a traveller, and Baillie Macwheeble like all four together, though, either out of more respect, or in order to preserve that proper declination of person which shewed a sense that he was in the presence of his patron, he sat upon the edge of his chair, placed at three

feet distance from the table, and achieved a communication with his plate by projecting his person towards it in a line which obliqued from the bottom of his spine, so that the person who sat opposite to him could only see the foretop of his riding periwig.

This stooping position might have been inconvenient to another person, but long habit made it, whether seated or walking, perfectly easy to the worthy Baillie. In the latter posture, it occasioned, no doubt, an unseemly projection of the person toward those who happened to walk behind; but those being at all times his inferiors, (for Mr. Macwheeble was very scrupulous in giving place to all others,) he cared very little what inference of contempt or slight regard they might derive from the circumstance. Hence, when he waddled across the court to and from his old grey poney, he somewhat resembled a turnspit walking upon its hind legs.

The nonjuring clergyman was a pensive and interesting old man, with much the air of a sufferer for conscience sake- He was one of those,

Who, undeprived, their benefice forsook.

For this whim, when the Baron was out of hearing, the Baillie used sometimes gently to rally Mr. Rubrick, upbraiding him with the nicety of his scruples. Indeed, it must be owned, that he himself, though at heart a keen partizan of the exiled family, had kept pretty fair with all the different turns of state in his time; so that Davie Gellatley once described bim as a particularly good man, who had a very quiet and peaceful conscience, *that never did him any harm.*

When the dinner was removed, the Baron announced the health of the king, politely leaving to the consciences of his guests to drink to the sovereign *de facto* or *de jure*, as their politics inclined. The conversation now became general; and, shortly afterwards, Miss Bradwardine, who had done the honours with natural grace and simplicity, retired, and was soon followed by the clergyman. Among the rest of the party, the wine which fully justified the encomiums of the landlord, flowed freely round, although Waverley, with some difficulty, obtained the privilege of sometimes neglecting his glass. At length, as the evening grew more late, the Baron made a private signal to Mr. Saunders Saunderson, or, as he facetiously denominated

him, *Alexander ab Alexandro*, who left the room with a nod, and soon after returned, his grave countenance mantling with a solemn and mysterious smile, and placed before his master, a small oaken casket, mounted with brass ornaments of curious form. The baron, drawing out a private key, unlocked the casket, raised the lid, and produced a golden goblet of a singular and antique appearance, moulded into the shape of a rampant bear, which the owner regarded with a look of mingled reverence, pride, and delight, that irresistibly reminded Waverley of Ben Johnson's Tom Otter, with his Bull, Horse, and Dog, as that wag wittily denominated his chief carousing cups. But Mr. Bradwardine, turning towards him with complacency, requested him to observe this curious relique of the olden time. «It represents,» he said, «the chosen crest of our family, a bear, as ye observe, and *rampant*; because a good herald will depict every animal in its noblest posture; as a horse *salient*, a greyhound *currant*, and, as may be inferred, a ravenous animal *in actu ferociori*, or in a voracious, lacerating, and devouring posture. Now, sir, we hold this most honourable achievement by the wappenbrief, or concession of arms of Frederick Redbeard, emperor of Germany, to my predeces-

sor, Godmund Bradwardine, it being the crest of a gigantic Dane, whom he slew in the lists in the Holy Land, on a quarrel touching the chastity of the emperor's spouse or daughter, tradition saith not precisely which, and thus, as Virgilius hath it—

Mutemus clypeos, Danaumque insignia nobis
Aptemus.

Then for the cup, Captain Waverley, it was wrought by the command of Saint Duthac, abbot of Aberbrothock, for behoof of another baron of the house of Bradwardine, who had valiantly defended the patrimony of that monastery against certain encroaching nobles. It is properly termed the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine, (though old Dr. Doubleit used jocosely to call it Urta Major,) and was supposed, in old and catholic times, to be invested with certain properties of a mystical and supernatural quality. And though I give not in to such *anilia*, it is certain it has always been esteemed a solemn standard cup and heirloom of our house; nor is it ever used but upon seasons of high festival, and such I hold to be the arrival of the heir of Sir Everard under my roof; and I devote this draught to the health and prosperity

of the ancient and highly-to-be-honoured house of Waverley." During this long harangue, he carefully decanted a cobwebbed bottle of claret into the goblet, which held nearly an English pint; and, at the conclusion, delivering the bottle to the butler, to be held carefully in the same angle with the horizon, he devoutly quaffed off the contents of the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine.

Edward, with horror and alarm, beheld the animal making his rounds, and thought with great anxiety upon the appropriate motto, «Beware the bear;" but plainly foresaw, that, as none of the guests scrupled to do him this extraordinary honour, a refusal on his part to pledge their courtesy would be extremely ill received. Resolving, therefore, to submit to this last piece of tyranny, and then to quit the table, if possible, and confiding in the strength of his constitution, he did justice to the company in the contents of the Blessed Bear, and felt less inconvenience from the draught than he could possibly have expected. The others, whose time had been more actively employed, began to show symptoms of innovation, «the good wine did its good office." The frost of etiquette, and pride of birth, began to give

way before the genial blessings of this benign constellation, and the formal appellatives with which the three dignitaries had hitherto addressed each other, were now familiarly abbreviated into Tully, Bally, and Killie. When a few rounds had passed, the two latter, after whispering together, craved permission (a joyful hearing for Edward) to ask the grace cup. This, after some delay, was at length produced, and Waverley concluded the orgies of Bacchus were terminated for the evening. He was never more mistaken in his life.

As the guests had left their horses at the small inn, or *change-house*, as it was called, of the village, the Baron could not, in politeness, avoid walking with them up the avenue, and Waverley, from the same motive, and to enjoy, after this feverish revel, the cool summer evening, attended the party. But when they arrived at Luckie Macleary's, the Lairds of Balmawhapple and Killancureit declared their determination to acknowledge their sense of the hospitality of Tully-Veolan, by partaking, with their entertainer and his guest Captain Waverley, what they technically called *doch an dorroch*, a stirrup cup, to the honour of the Baron's roof-tree.

It must be noticed, that the Baillie, knowing by experience that the day's joviality, which had been hitherto sustained at the expence of his patron, might terminate partly at his own, had mounted his spavined grey poney, and, between gaiety of heart, and alarm for being hooked into a reckoning spurred him into a bobbling canter, (a trot was out of the question,) and had already cleared the village. The others entered the change house, leading Edward in unresisting submission; for his landlord whispered him, that to demur to such an overture would be construed into a high misdemeanour against the *leges conviviales*, or regulations of genial compotation. Widow Macleary seemed to have expected this visit, as well she might, for it was the usual consummation of merrybouts, not only at Tully Veolan, but at most other gentlemen's houses in Scotland, Sixty Years since. The guests thereby at once acquitted themselves of their burden of gratitude to their entertainer's kindness, encouraged the trade of his changehouse, did honour to the place which afforded harbour to their horses, and indemnified themselves for the previous restraints imposed by private hospitality, by spending, what Falstaff calls the sweet of the night, in the genial licence of a tavern.

Accordingly, in full expectation of these distinguished guests, Luckie Macleary had swept her house for the first time this fortnight, tempered her turf-fire to such a heat as the season required in her damp hovel even at Midsummer, set forth her deal table newly washed, propped its lame foot with a fragment of turf, arranged four or five stools of huge and clumsy form upon the sites which best suited the inequalities of her clay floor; and having, moreover, put on her clean toy, rokelay, and scarlet plaid, gravely awaited the arrival of the company, in full hope of custom and profit. When they were seated under the sooty rafters of Luckie Macleary's only apartment, thickly tapestried with cobwebs, their hostess, who had already taken her cue from the Laird of Balmawhapple, appeared with a huge pewter measuring-pot, containing at least three English quarts, familiarly denominated *a Tappit Hen*, and which, in the language of the hostess, reamed (*i. e.* mantled) with excellent claret just drawn from the cask.

It was soon plain what crumbs of reason the Bear had not devoured, were to be picked up by the Hen; but the confusion which appeared to prevail favoured Edward's resolution to evade

the gaily circling glass. The rest began to talk thick, and at once, each performing his own part in the conversation, without the least respect to his neighbour. The Baron of Bradwardine sung French *chansons-a-boire*, and spouted pieces of Latin; Killancureit talked in a steady unalterable dull key, of topdressing and bottom-dressing, and yearolds, and gimmers, and dinmonts, and stots, and runts, and kyloes, and a proposed turnpike-act; while Balmawhapple, in notes exalted above both, extolled his horse, his hawks, and a greyhound called Whistler. In the middle of this din, the Baron repeatedly implored silence; and when at length the instinct of polite discipline so far prevailed, that for a moment he obtained it, hastened to beseech their attention « unto a military ariette, which was a particular favourite of the Marechal Duc de Berwick; » then. imitating, as well as he could, the manner and tone of a French musquetaire, he immediately commenced, —

Mon coeur volage, dit elle,
N'est pas pour vous garçon,
Est pour un homme de guerre,
Qui a barbe au menton.
Lon, Lon, Laridon.

Qui port chapeau à plume,
Soulier à rouge talon,
Qui joue de la flute,
Aussi du violon.
Lon, Lon, Laridon.

Balmawhapple could hold no longer, but broke in with what he called a d—d good song, composed by Cibby Gaethroughwi't, the piper of Cupar, and without wasting more time struck up, —

It's up Glenbarchan's braes I gaed,
And o'er the hent of Killiebraid,
And mony a weary cast I made,
To cuittle the moor-fowl's tail.

The Baron, whose voice was drowned in the louder and more obstreperous strains of Balmawhapple, now dropped the competition, but continued to hum, Lon, Lon, Laridon, and to regard the successful candidate for the attention of the company with an eye of disdain, while Balmawhapple proceeded, —

If up a bonny black-cock should spring,
To whistle him down wi' a slug in his wing,
And strap him on to my lunzie string,
Right seldom would I fail.

After an ineffectual attempt to recover the second verse, he sung the first over again; and, in prosecution of his triumph, declared there was «more sense in that than in all the *derry-dongs* of France, and Fifeshire to the boot of it.» The Baron only answered with a long pinch of snuff, and a glance of infinite contempt. But those noble allies, the Bear and the Hen, had emancipated the young laird from the habitual reverence in which he held Bradwardine at other times. He pronounced the claret *shilpit* and demanded brandy with great vociferation. It was brought; and now the Demon of Politics envied even the harmony arising from this Dutch concert, merely because there was not a wrathful note in the strange compound of sounds which it produced. Inspired by her the laird of Balmawhapple, now superior to the nods and winks with which the Baron of Bradwardine, in delicacy to Edward, had hitherto checked his entering upon political discussion, demanded a bumper with the lungs of a Stentor, «to the little gentleman in black velvet who did such service in 1702, and may the white horse break his neck over a mound of his making!»

Edward was not at that moment clear-headed enough to remember that King William's fall, which occasioned his death, was said to be owing to his horse stumbling at a mole-hill, yet felt inclined to take umbrage at a toast which seemed, from the glance of Balmawhapple's eye, to have a peculiar and uncivil reference to the government that he served. But ere he could interfere, the Baron of Bradwardine had taken up the quarrel. «Sir, whatever my sentiments, *tanquam privatus*, may be in such matters, I shall not tamely endure your saying any thing that may impinge upon the honourable feelings of a gentleman under my roof. Sir, if you have no respect for the laws of urbanity, do ye not respect the military oath, the *sacramentum militare*, by which every officer is bound to the standards under which he is enrolled? Look at Titus Livius, what he says of those Roman soldiers who were so unhappy as *exuere sacramentum*,—to renounce their legionary oath; but ye are ignorant, sir, alike of ancient history and modern courtesy."

«Not so ignorant as ye would pronounce me," roared Balmawhapple. «I ken weel that

you mean the Solemn League and Convenant; but if a' the whigs in hell had taken the —"

Here the Baron and Waverley spoke both at once, the former calling out, „Be silent, sir! ye not only show your ignorance, but dis. grace your native country before a stranger and an Englishman;" and Waverley, at the same moment, entreating Mr. Bradwardine to permit him to reply to an affront which seemed levelled at him personally. But the Baron was exalted by wine, wrath, and scorn, above all sublunary considerations.

„I crave you to be hushed, Captain Waverley; you are elsewhere, peradventure, *sui juris*, — foris-familiated, that is, and entitled, it may be, to think and resent for yourself; but in my domain, in this poor Barony of Bradwardine, and under this roof, which is *quasi* mine, being held by tacit relocation by a tenant at will, I am *in loco parentis* to you, and bound to see you scathless. — And for you, Mr. Falconer, of Balmawhapple, I warn ye let me see no more aberrations from the paths of good manners."

„And I tell you, Mr. Cosmo Comine Bradwardine of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan,"

retorted the sportsman, in huge disdain, „that I'll make a moor-cock of the man that refuses my toast, whether it be a crop-eared English whig wi' a black ribband at his lug, or ane wha deserts his ain friends to claw favour wi' the rats of Hanover."

In an instant both rapiers were brandished, and some desperate passes exchanged. Balmawhapple was young, stout, and active, but the Baron, infinitely more master of his weapon, would, like Sir Toby Belch, have tickled his opponent other gates than he did, had he not been under the influence of Ursa Major.

Edward rushed forward to interfere between the combatants, but the prostrate bulk of the laird of Killancureit, over which he stumbled, intercepted his passage. How Killancureit happened to be in this recumbent posture, at so interesting a moment, was never accurately known. Some thought he was about to ensconce himself under the table; he himself alleged that he stumbled in the act of lifting a joint stool, to prevent mischief, by knocking down Balmawhapple. Be that as it may, if readier aid than either his or Waverley's had

not interposed, there would certainly have been bloodshed. But the well-known clash of swords, which was no great stranger to her dwelling, aroused Luckie Macleary as she sat quietly beyond the hallan, or earthen partition of the cottage, with eyes employed on Boston's Crook of the Lot, while her ideas were engaged in summing up the reckoning. She boldly rushed in, with the shrill expostulation, „Wad their honours slay ane another there, and bring discredit on an honest widow-woman's house, when there was a' the lee-land in the country to fight upon?" a remonstrance which she seconded by flinging her plaid with great dexterity over the weapons of the combatants. The servants by this time rushed in, and being, by great chance, tolerably sober, separated the incensed opponents, with the assistance of Edward and Killancureit. The latter led off Balmawhapple, cursing, swearing, and vowing revenge against every whig, presbiterian, and fanatic in England and Scotland, from John-o'Groat's to the Land's End, and was with difficulty got to horse. Our hero, with the assistance of Saunders Saunderson, escorted the Baron of Bradwardine to his own dwelling, but could not prevail upon him to retire to bed until he had made a long and learned

apology for the events of the evening, of which, however, there was not a word intelligible, except something about the Centaurs and the Lapithae.

CHAPTER XII.

Repentance, and a Reconciliation.

Waverley was unaccustomed to the use of wine, excepting with great temperance. He slept therefore soundly till late in the succeeding morning, and then awakened to a painful recollection of the scene of the preceding evening. He had received a personal affront, — he, a gentleman, a soldier, and a Waverley. True, the person who offered it was not, at the time it was given, possessed of the moderate share of sense which nature had allotted him; true also, in resenting this insult, he would break the laws of heaven, as well as of his country; true, in doing so,

he might take the life of a young man who perhaps respectably discharged the social duties, and render his family miserable; or he might lose his own; — no pleasant alternative even to the bravest, when it is debated coolly and in private.

All this pressed on his mind; yet the original statement recurred with the same irresistible force. He had received a personal insult; he was of the house of Waverley; and he bore a commission. There was no alternative; and he descended to the breakfast parlour with the intention of taking leave of the family, and writing to one of his brother-officers to meet him at the inn mid-way between Tully-Veolan and the town where they were quartered, in order that he might convey such a message to the Laird of Balmawhapple as the circumstances seemed to demand. He found Miss Bradwardine presiding over the tea and coffee, the table loaded with warm bread, both of flour and barley, in the shape of loaves, cakes, biscuits, and other varieties, together with eggs, rein-deer ham, mutton and beef ditto, smoked salmon, marmalade, and all the other delicacies which induced even Johnson himself to extol the luxury of a Scotch

breakfast above that of all other countries. A mess of oatmeal porridge, flanked by a silver jug, which held an equal mixture of cream and butter-milk, was placed for the Baron's share of this repast; but Rose observed he had walked out early in the morning, after giving orders that his guest should not be disturbed.

Waverley sat down almost in silence, and with an air of absence and abstraction, which could not give Miss Bradwardine a favourable opinion of his talents for conversation. He answered at random one or two observations which she ventured to make upon ordinary topics; so that feeling herself almost repulsed in her efforts at entertaining him, and secretly wondering that a scarlet coat should cover no better breeding, she left him to his mental amusement of cursing Dr Doubleit's favourite constellation of Ursa Major, as the cause of all the mischief which had already happened, and was likely to ensue. At once he started, and his colour heightened, as looking toward the window he beheld the Baron and young Balmawhapple pass arm in arm, apparently in deep conversation. «Did Mr Falconer sleep here last night?» Rose, not much pleased with

the abruptness of the first question which the young stranger had addressed to her, answered drily in the negative, and the conversation again sunk into silence.

At this moment Mr Saunderson appeared, with a message from his master, requesting to speak with Captain Waverley in another apartment. With a heart which beat a little quicker, not indeed from fear, but from uncertainty and anxiety, Edward obeyed the summons. He found the two gentlemen standing together, an air of complacent dignity on the brow of the Baron, while something like sullenness or shame, or both, blanked the bold visage of Balmawhapple. The former slipped his arm through that of the latter, and thus seeming to walk with him, while in reality he led him, advanced to meet Waverley, and stopping in the midst of the apartment, made in great state the following oration: «Captain Waverley, — my young and esteemed friend, Mr Falconer of Balmawhapple, has craved of my age and experience, as of one not wholly unskilled in the dependencies and punctilios of the duello or monomachia, to be his interlocutor in expressing to you the regret with which he calls to remembrance certain

passages of our symposion last night, which could not but be highly displeasing to you, as serving for the time under this present existing government. He craves you, sir, to drown in oblivion the memory of such solecisms against the laws of politeness, as being what his better reason disavows, and to receive the hand which he offers you in amity; and I must needs assure you, that nothing less than a sense of being *dans son tort*, as a gallant French chevalier, Mons. Le Bretailleur, once said to me on such an occasion, and an opinion also of your peculiar merit, could have extorted such concessions; for he and all his family are, and have been, time out of mind, *movortia pectora*, as Buchanan saith, a bold and warlike sept, or people.»

Edward immediately, and with natural politeness, accepted the hand which Balmawhapple, or rather the Baron in his character of mediator, extended towards him. «It was impossible,» he said, «for him to remember what a gentleman expressed his wish he had not uttered; and he willingly imputed what had passed to the exuberant festivity of the day.»

«That is very handsomely said,» answered the Baron; «for undoubtedly if a man be *ebrius*,

or intoxicated, an incident which on solemn and festive occasions may and will take place in the life of a man of honour; and if the same gentleman, being fresh and sober, recants the contumelies which he hath spoken in his liquor, it must be held *vinum locutus est*; the words cease to be his own. Yet would I not find this exculpation relevant in the case of one who was *ebriosus*, or a habitual drunkard; because, if such person chuse to pass the greater part of his time in the predicament of intoxication, he hath no title to be exeemed from the obligations of the code of politeness, but should learn to deport himself peaceably and courteously when under influence of the vinous stimulus. — And now let us proceed to breakfast; and think no more of this daft business.»

I must confess, whatever inference may be drawn from the circumstance, that Edward, after so satisfactory an explanation, did much greater honour to the delicacies of Miss Bradwardine's breakfast-table than his commencement had promised. Balmawhapple, on the contrary, seemed embarrassed and dejected; and Waverley now, for the first time, observed that his arm was in a sling, which

seemed to account for the awkward and embarrassed manner with which he had presented his hand. To a question from Miss Bradwardine, he muttered, in answer, something about his horse having fallen; and, seeming desirous to escape both from the subject and the company, he arose as soon as breakfast was over, made his bow to the party, and, declining the Baron's invitation to tarry till after dinner, mounted his horse and returned to his own home.

Waverley now announced his purpose of leaving Tully-Veolan early enough after dinner to gain the stage at which he meant to sleep; but the unaffected and deep mortification with which the good-natured and affectionate old gentleman heard the proposal, quite deprived him of courage to persist in it. Ne sooner had he gained Waverley's consent to lengthen his visit for a few days, than he laboured to remove the grounds upon which he conceived he had meditated a more early retreat. «I would not have you opine, Captain Waverley, that I am by practice or precept an advocate of ebriety, though it may be that, in our festivity of last night, some of our friends, if not perchance altogether *ebrii*, or drunken,

were, to say the least, *ebrioli*, by which the ancients designed those who were fuddled, or, as your English vernacular and metaphorical phrase goes, half seas over. Not that I would so insinuate respecting you, Captain Waverley, who, like a prudent youth, did rather abstain from potation; nor can it be truly said of myself, who, having assisted at the tables of many great generals and marechals at their solemn carousals, have the art to carry my wine discreetly, and did not, during the whole evening, as ye must have doubtless observed, exceed the bounds of a modest hilarity.»

There was no refusing assent to a proposition so decidedly laid down by him, who undoubtedly was the best judge; although, had Edward formed his opinion from his own recollections, he would have pronounced that the Baron was not only *ebriolus*, but verging to become *ebrius*; or, in plain English, was incomparably the most drunk of the party, except perhaps his antagonist, the Laird of Balmawhapple. However, having received the expected, or rather the required, compliment on his sobriety, the Baron proceeded — «No, sir, though I am myself of a strong tempera-

ment, I abhor ebriety, and detest those who swallow wine *gulae causa*, for the oblectation of the gullet; albeit I might deprecate the law of Pittacus of Mitylene, who punished doubly a crime committed under the influence of *Liber Pater*; nor would I utterly accede to the objurgation of the younger Plinius, in the fourteenth book of his 'Historia Naturalis.' No, sir, I distinguish, I discriminate, and approve of wine so far only as it maketh glad the face, or, in the language of Flaccus, *recepto amico.*»

Thus terminated the apology which the Baron of Bradwardine thought it necessary to make for the superabundance of his hospitality; and it may be easely believed that he was neither interrupted by dissent, or any expression of incredulity.

He then invited his guest to a morning ride, and ordered that Davie Gellatley should meet them at the *dern path* with Ban and Buscar. «For, until the shooting season commence, I would willingly shew you some sport; and we may, God willing, meet with a roe. The roe, Captain Waverley, may be hunted at all times alike; for never being in what is

called *pride of grease*, he is also never out of season, though it be a truth that his venison is not equal to that of either the red or fallow deer. But he will serve to shew how my dogs run; and therefore they shall attend us with David Gellatley."

Waverley expressed his surprise that his friend Davie was capable of such trust; but the Baron gave him to understand, that this poor simpleton was neither fatuous, *nec naturaliter idiota*, as is expressed in the brieves of furiosity, but simply a crack-brained knave, who could execute very well any commission which jumped with his own humour, and made his folly a plea for avoiding every other. «He has made an interest with us," continued the Baron, «by saving Rose from a great danger with his own proper peril; and the roguish *loon* must therefore eat of our bread and drink of our cup, and do what he can, or what he will; which, if the suspicions of Saunderson and the Baillie are well founded, may perchance in his case be commensurate terms."

Miss Bradwardine then gave Waverley to understand, that this poor simpleton was doatingly fond of music, deeply affected by that

which was melancholy, and transported into extravagant gaiety by light and lively tunes. He had in this respect a prodigious memory, stored with miscellaneous snatches and fragments of all tunes and songs, which he sometimes applied, with considerable address, as the vehicles of remonstrance, explanation, or satire. Davie was much attached to the few who shewed him kindness; and both aware of any slight or ill usage which he happened to receive, and sufficiently apt, where he saw opportunity, to revenge it. The common people, who often judge hardly of each other as well as of their betters, although they had expressed great compassion for the poor *innocent* while suffered to wander in rags about the village, no sooner beheld him decently clothed, provided for, and even a sort of favourite, than they called up all the instances of sharpness and ingenuity, in action and repartee, which his annals afforded, and charitably bottomed thereupon a hypothesis, that David Gellatley was no farther fool than was necessary to avoid hard labour. This opinion was not better founded than of the Negroes, who, from the acute and mischievous pranks of the monkies, suppose that they have the gift of speech, and only suppress their powers of elocution

to escape being set to work. David Gellatley was in good earnest the half crazed simpleton which he appeared, and was incapable of any constant and steady exertion. He had just so much solidity as kept on the windy side of insanity; so much wild wit as saved him from the imputation of idiocy; some dexterity in field-sports, (in which we have known as great fools excel;) great kindness and humanity in the treatment of animals entrusted to him, warm affections, a prodigious memory, and an ear for music.

The stamping of horses was now heard in the court, and Davie's voice, singing to the two large deer greyhounds,

Hie away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it;
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away.

„Do the verses he sings belong to old Scottish poetry, Miss Bradwardine?“

„I believe not,“ she replied. «This poor creature had a brother, and Heaven, as if to compensate to the family Davie's deficiencies, had given him what the hamlet thought uncommon talents. An uncle contrived to educate him for the Scottish kirk, but he could not get preferment because he came from our *ground*. He returned from college hopeless and broken-hearted, and fell into a decline. My father supported him till his death, which happened before he was nineteen. He played beautifully on the flute, and was supposed to have a great turn for poetry. He was affectionate and compassionate to his brother, who followed him like his shadow, and we think that from him Davie gathered many fragments of songs and music unlike those of this country. But if we ask him where he got such a fragment as he is now singing, he either answers with wild and long fits of laughter, or else breaks into tears of lamentation; but was never heard to give any explanation, or mention his brother's name since his death.“

„Surely,“ said Edward, who was readily interested by a tale bordering on the romantic,

«surely more might be learned by more particular inquiry.»

„Perhaps so," answered Rose; „but my father will not permit any one to practise on his feelings on this subject."

By this time the Baron, with the help of Mr. Saunderson, had indued a pair of jack-boots of large dimension, and now invited our hero to follow him as he stalked clattering down the ample staircase, tapping each huge balustrade as he passed with the butt of his massive horse-whip, and humming, with the air of a chasseur of Louis Quatorze,

Pour la chasse ordonné il faut preparer
tout,
Ho la ho! Vite! vite debout.

CHAPTER XIII.

A more rational Day than the last,

The Baron of Bradwardine, mounted on an active and well-managed horse, and seated on a demi-pique saddle, with deep housings to agree with his livery, was no bad representation of the old school. His light coloured ambroidered coat, and superbly barred waistcoat, his brigadier wig, surmounted by a small gold-laced cocked hat, completed his personal costume; but he was attended by two well mounted servants on horseback, armed with holster-pistols.

In this guise he ambled forth over hill and valley, the admiration of every farmyard which

they passed in their progress; till, «low down in a grassy vale," they found David Gellatley leading two very tall deer greyhounds, and presiding over half a dozen curs, and about as many barelegged and bare-headed boys, who, to procure the chosen distinction of attending on the chose, had not failed to tickle his ears with the dulcet appellation of *Maister Gellatley*, though probably all and each had hooted him on former occasions in the character of *daft Davie.* But this is no uncommon strain of flattery to persons in office, nor altogether confined to the barelegged villagers of Tully Veolan; it was in fashion Sixty Years since, is now, and will be six hundred years hence, if this admirable compound of folly and knavery, called the world, shall be then in existence.

These *Gilie-white-foots,* as they were called, were destined to beat the bushes, which they performed with so much success, that after half an hour's search a roe was started, coursed, and killed; the Baron following on his white horse, like Earl Percy of yore, and magnanimously flaying and disembowelling the slain animal (which, he observed, was called by the French chasseurs, *faire la curèe*) with

his own baronial couteau de chasse. After this ceremony, he conducted his guest homeward by a pleasant and circuitous route, commanding an extensive prospect of different villages and houses, to each of which Mr. Bradwardine attached some anecdode of history or genealogy, told in language whimsical from prejudice and pedantry, but often respectable for the good sense and honourable feeling which his narratives displayed, and almost always curious, if not valuable, for the information they contained.

The truth is, the ride seemed agreeable to both gentlemen, because they found amusement in each other's conversation, although their characters and habits of thinking were in many respects totally opposite. Edward, we have informed the reader, was warm in his feelings, wild and romantic in his ideas and in his taste of reading, with a strong disposition towards poetry. Mr Bradwardine was the reverse of all this, and piqued himself upon stalking through life with the same upright, starched, stoical gravity which distinguished his evening promenade upon the terrace of Tully-Veolan, where for hours together — the very model of old Hardyknute —

Stately stepp'd he east the wa',
And stately stepp'd he west.

As for literature, he read the classic poets, to be sure, and the Epithalamium of Georgius Buchanan, and Arthur Johnstoun's Psalms, of a Sunday; and the Deliciae Poetarum, and Sir David Lindsay's Works, and Barbour's Bruce, and Blind Harry's Wallace, and the Gentle Shepherd, and the Cherry and the Slae. But though he thus far sacrificed his time to the muses, he would, if the truth must be spoken, have been much better pleased had the pious or sapient apothegms, as well as the historical narratives which these various works contained, been presented to him in the form of simple prose. And he sometimes could not refrain from expressing contempt of the «vain and unprofitable art of poem-making,» in which, he said, «the only one who had excelled in his time was Allan Ramsay the periwig maker.»

But although Edward and he differed *toto coelo*, as the Baron would have said, upon this subject, yet they met upon history as on a neutral ground, in which each claimed an interest. The Baron, indeed, only cumbered

his memory with matters of fact; the cold, dry, hard outlines which history delineates. Edward, on the contrary, loved to fill up and round the sketch with the colouring of a warm and vivid imagination, which gives light and life to the actors and speakers in the drama of past ages. Yet with tastes so opposite, they contributed greatly to each other's amusement. Mr. Bradwardine's minute narratives and powerful memory supplied to Waverley fresh subjects of the kind upon which his fancy loved to labour, and opened to him a new mine of incident and of character. And he repaid the pleasure thus communicated, by an earnest attention, valuable to all story-tellers, more especially to the Baron, who felt his habits of self-respect flattered by it; and sometimes also by reciprocal communications, which interested Mr. Bradwardine, as confirming or illustrating his own favourite anecdotes. Besides, iMr. Bradwardine loved to talk of the scenes of his youth, which had been spent in camps and foreign lands, and had many interesting particulars to tell of the generals under whom he had served, and the actions he had witnessed.

Both parties returned to Tully-Veolan in great good humour with each other; Waverley,

desirous of studying more attentively what he considered as a singular and interesting character, gifted with a memory containing a curious register of ancient and modern anecdotes; and Bradwardine disposed to regard Edward as *puer* (or rather *juvenis*) *bonae spei et magnae indolis*, a youth devoid of that petulant volatility, which is impatient of, or vilipends, the conversation and advice of his seniors, from which he predicted great things of his future success and deportment in life. There was no other guest except Mr. Rubrick, whose information and discourse, as a clergyman and a scholar harmonized very well with that of the Baron and his guest.

Shortly after dinner, the Baron, as if to shew that his temperance was not entirely theoretical, proposed a visit to Rose's apartment, or, as he termed it, her *Troisieme Etage*. Waverley was accordingly conducted through one or two of those long awkward passages with which ancient architects studied to puzzle the inhabitants of the houses which they planned, at the end of which Mr Bradwardine began to ascend, by two steps at once, a very steep, narrow, and winding stair, leaving Mr Rubrick and Waverley to follow at

more leisure, while he should announce their approach to his daughter.

After having climbed this perpendicular cork screw until their brains were almost giddy, they arrived in a little matted lobby, which served as an anti room to Rose's *sanctum sanctorum*, and through which they entered her parlour. It was a small, but pleasant apartment, opening to the south, and hung with tapestry; adorned besides with two pictures, one of her mother, in the dress of a shepherdess, with a bellhoop; the other of the Baron, in his tenth year, in a blue coat, embroidered waistcoat, laced hat, and bag wig, with a bow in his hand. Edward could not help smiling at the costume, and at the odd resemblance between the round, smooth, red-che eked, staring visage in the portrait, and the gaunt, bearded, holloweyed, swarthy features which travelling, fatigues of war, and advanced age, had bestowed on the original. The Baron joined in the laugh. «Truly,» he said, «that picture was a woman's fantasy of my good mother's, (a daughter of the Laird of Tulliellum, Captain Waverley; I indicated the house to you when we were on the top of the Shinny-heuch; it was burned by the Dutch auxiliaries

brought in by the government in 1715;) I never sate for my pourtraicture but once since that was painted, and it was at the special and reiterated request of the Mareschal Duke of Berwick. »

The good old gentleman did not mention, what Mr, Rubrick afterwards told Edward, that the Duke had done him this honour on account of his being the first to mount the breach of a fort in Savoy during the memorable compaign of 1709, and having there defended himself with his half-pike for nearly ten minutes before any support reached him. To do the Baron justice, although sufficiently prone to exaggerate his family dignity and consequence, he was too much a man of real courage ever to dwell upon such personal acts of merit as he had himself manifested.

Miss Rose now appeared from the interior room of her apartment to welcome her father and his friends. The little labours in which she had been employed obviously shewed a natural taste, which required only cultivation. Her father had taught her French and Italian, and a few of the ordinary authors in those languages ornamented her shelves. He had

endeavoured also to be her preceptor in music; but as he began with the more abstruse doctrines of the science, and was not perhaps master of them himself, she had made no proficiency farther than to be able to accompany her voice with the harpsichord: but even this was not very common in Scotland at that period. To make amends, she sung with great taste and feeling, and with a respect to the sense of what she uttered that might be proposed in example to ladies of much superior musical talent. Her natural good sense taught her, that if, as we are assured by high authority, music «be married to immortal verse,» they are very often divorced by the performer in a most shameful manner. It was perhaps owing to this sensibility to poetry, and powér of combining its expression with those of the musical notes, that her singing gave more pleasure to all the unlearned in music, and even to many of the learned, than could have been extracted by a much finer voice and more brilliant execution, unguided by the same delicacy of feeling.

A bartizan, or projecting gallery, before the windows of her parlour, served to illustrate another of Rose's pursuits, for it was crowded

with flowers of different kinds, which she had taken under her special protection. A projecting turret gave access to this Gothic balcony, which commanded a most beautiful prospect. The formal garden, with its high bounding walls, lay below, contracted, as it seemed, to a mere parterre; while the view extended beyond them down a wooded glen, where the river was sometimes visible, sometimes hidden in copse. The eye might be belayed by a desire to rest on the rocks, which here and there rose from the dell with massive or spiry fronts, or it might dwell on the noble, though ruined tower, which was here beheld in all its dignity, frowning from a promontory over the river. To the left were seen two or three cottages, a part of the village; the brow of a hill concealed the others. The glen, or dell, was terminated by a sheet of water, called Loch Veolan, into which the brook discharged itself, and which now glistened in the western sun. The distant country seemed open and varied in surface, though not wooded; and there was nothing to interrupt the view until the scene was bounded by a ridge of distant and blue hills, which formed the southern boundary of the strath or valley. To this pleasant station Miss Bradwardine had ordered coffee.

The view of the old tower, or fortalice, introduced some family anecdotes and tales of Scottish chivalry, which the Baron told with great enthusiasm. The projecting peak of an impending crag which rose near it, had acquired the name of St. Swithin's Chair. It was the scene of a peculiar superstition, of which Mr. Rubrick mentioned some curious particulars, which reminded Waverley of a rhyme quoted by Edgar in King Lear; and Rose was called upon to sing a little legend, in which they had been interwoven by some village poet,

> Who, noteless as the race from which he sprung,
> Saved others' names, but left his own unsung.

The sweetness of her voice, and the simple beauty of her music, gave all the advantage which the minstrel could have desired, and which his poetry so much wanted. I almost doubt if it can be read with patience, destitute of those advantages; although I conjecture the following copy to have been somewhat corrected by Waverley, to suit the taste of those who might not relish pure antiquity.

St. Swithin's Chair.

On Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you boune ye to rest,
Ever beware that your couch be bless'd;
Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,
Sing the Ave, and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride,
All her nine-fold sweeping on by her side,
Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,
Sailing through moonshine or swath'd in the cloud.

The Lady she sate in St. Swithin's Chair,
The dew of the night has damp'd her hair:
Her cheek was pale — but resolved and high
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

She mutter'd the spell of St. Swithin bold,
When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,

When he stopp'd the Hag as she rode the night,
And bade her descend, and her promise plight.

He that dare sit in St. Swithin's Chair,
When the Night Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three, when he speaks the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert his liege,
These three long years in battle and siege;
News are there none of his weal or his woe,
And fain the Lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops as the charm she speaks; —
Is it the moody owl that shrieks?
Or is that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,
The voice of the Demon who haunts the stream?

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low,
And the roaring torrent has ceased to flow;

The calm was more dreadful than raging storms,
When the cold grey mist brought the ghastly Form!

* * *

«I am sorry to disappoint the company, especially Captain Waverley, who listens with such laudable gravity; it is but a fragment, although I think there are other verses, describing the return of the Baron from the wars, and how the lady was found «clay-cold upon the grounsill ledge.»

«It is one of those figments,» observed Mr. Bradwardine, «with which the early history of distinguished families was deformed in the times of superstition; as that of Rome, and other ancient nations, had their prodigies, sir, the which you may read in ancient histories, or in the little work compiled by Julius Obsequens, and inscribed by the learned Scheffer, the editor, to his patron, Benedictus Skytte, Baron of Dudershoff.»

«My father has a strange defiance of the marvellous, Captain Waverley, and once

stood firm when a whole synod of presbyterian divines were put to the route by a sudden apparition of the foul fiend.»

Waverley looked as if desirous to hear more.

«Must I tell my story as well as sing my song? — Well — Once upon a time there lived an old woman, called Janet Gellatley, who was suspected to be a witch, on the infallible grounds that she was very old, very ugly, very poor, and had two sons, one of whom was a poet, and the other a fool, which visitation, all the neighbourhood agreed, had come upon her for the sin of witchcraft. And she was imprisoned for a week in the steeple of the parish church, and sparely supplied with food, and not permitted to sleep, until she herself became as much persuaded of her being a witch as her accusers; and in this lucid and happy state of mind was brought forth to make a dean breast, that is to make open confession of her sorceries before all the whig gentry and ministers in the vicinity, who were no conjurors themselves. My father went to see fair play between the witch and the clergy; for the witch had been born on his estate. And while the witch was confessing

that the Enemy appeared, and made his addresses to her as a handsome black man, — which, if you could have seen poor old bleareyed Janet, reflected little honour on Apollyon's taste, — and while the auditors listened with astonished ears, and the clerk recorded with a trembling hand, she, all of a sudden, changed the low mumbling tone with which she spoke into a shrill yell, and exclained, 'Look to yourselves! look to yourselves! I see the Evil One seated in the midst of ye.' The surprise was general, and terror and flight its immediate consequences. Happy were those who were next the door, and many were the disasters that befel hats, bands, cuffs, and wigs, before they could get out of the church, where they left the obstinate prelatist to settle matters with the witch and her admirer, at his own peril or pleasure."

«*Risu solvuntur tabulae*," said the Baron; «when they recovered their panic trepidation, they were too much ashamed to bring any wakening of the process against Janet Gellatley."

This anecdote led into a long discussion of

All those idle thoughts and phantasies,
Devices, dreams, opinions unsound,
Shows, visions, soothsays, and prophecies,
And all that feigned is, as leasings, tales,
and lies.

With such conversation, and the romantic legends which it introduced, closed our hero's second evening in the house of Tully-Veolan.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Discovery—Waverley becomes domesticated at Tully-Veolan.

The next day Edward arose betimes, and in a morning walk around the house and its vicinity, came suddenly upon a small court in front of the dog-kennel, where his friend Davie was employed about his four-footed charge. One quick glance of his eye recognised Waverley, when, instantly turning his back, as if he had not observed him, he began to sing part of an old ballad:

Young men will love thee more fair and more
fast;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?

Old men's love the longest will last,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

The young man's wrath is like light straw on fire;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?
But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

The young man will brawl at the evening board:
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?
But the old man will draw at the dawning the sword,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

Waverley could not avoid observing that Davie laid something like a satirical emphasis on these lines. He therefore approached, and endeavoured, by sundry queries, to elicit from him what the inuendo might mean; but Davie had no mind to explain, and had wit enough to make his folly cloak his knavary. Edward could collect nothing from him excepting that the Laird of Balmawhapple had gone home

yesterday morning, «wi' his boots full o' bluid.» in the garden, however, he met the old butler, who no longer attempted to conceal, that, having been bred in the nursery line with Sumack and Co. of Newcastle, be sometimes wrought a turn in the flower borders to oblige the laird and Miss Rose. By a series of queries, Edward at length discovered, with a painful feeling of surprise and shame, that Balmawhapple's submission and apology had been the consequence of a rencontre with the Baron before he had quitted his pillow, in which the younger combatant had been disarmed and wounded in the sword arm.

Greatly mortified at this information, Edward sought out his friendly host, and anxiously expostulated with him upon the injustice he had done him in anticipating his meeting with Mr. Falconer, a circumstance, which, considering his youth and the profession of arms which he had just adopted, was capable of being represented much to his prejudice. The Baron justified himself at greater leagth than I chuse to report. He urged, that the quarrel was common to them, and that Balmawhapple could not, by the code of honour, *evite* giving satisfaction to both. which he had done in his case by an honourable meeting, and in that

of Edward by such a *palinode* as rendered the use of the sword unnecessary, and which, being made and accepted, must necessarily *sopite* the whole affair. With this excuse or explanation Waverley was silenced, if not satisfied; but he could not help testifying some displeasure against the Blessed Bear which had given rise to the quarrel, nor refrain from hinting, that the sanctified epithet was hardly appropriate. The Baron observed, he could not deny that «the Bear, though allowed by heralds as a most honourable ordinary, had, nevertheless, somewhat fierce, churlish, and morose in his disposition, (as might be read in Archibald Simson, pastor of Dalkeith's *Hierogliphica Animalium,*) and had thus been the type of many quarrels and dissensions which had occurred in the house of Bradwardine; of which, «he continued," I might commemorate mine own unfortunate dissension with my third cousin by the mother's side, Sir Hew Halbert, who was so unthinking as to deride my family name, as if it had been *quasi Bear-warden*; a most uncivil jest, since it not only insinuated that the founder of our house occupied such a mean situation as to be a custodier of wild beasts, a charge which, ye must have observed, is only entrusted to the very basest plebeians; but, moreover, seemed

to infer that our coat-armour had not been achieved by honourable actions in war, but bestowed by way of *paranomasia*, or pun, upon our family appellation, — a sort of bearing which the French call *armoires parlantes*; the Latins *arma cantantia*; and your English authorities, canting heraldry; being indeed a species of emblazoning more befitting canters, gaberlunzies, aud such like mendicants, whose gibberish is formed upon playing on the word, than the noble, honourable, and useful science of heraldry, which assigns armorial bearings as the reward of noble and generous actions, and not to tickle the ear with vain quodlibets, such as are found in jestbooks.» Of his quarrel with Sir Hew, he said nothing more than that it was settled in a fitting manner.

Having been so minute with respect to the diversions of Tully-Veolan, on the first days of Edward's arrival, for the purpose of introducing its inmates to the reader's acquaintance, it becomes less necessary to trace the progress of his intercourse with the same accuracy. It is probable that a young man, accustomed to more cheerful society, would have tired of the conversation of so violent an assertor of the «boast of heraldry» as the Baron; but Edward

found an agreeable variety in that of Miss Bradwardine, who listened with eagerness to his remarks upon literature, and shewed great justness of taste in her answers. The sweetness of her disposition had made her submit with complacency, and even pleasure, to the course of reading prescribed by her father, although it not only comprehended several heavy folios of history, but certain gigantic tomes in high-church polemics. In heraldry he was fortunately contented to give her only such a slight tincture as might be acquired by perusal of the two folio volumes of Nisbett. Rose was indeed the very apple of her father's eye. Her constant liveliness, her attention to all those little observances most gratifying to those who would never think of exacting them, her beauty, in which he recalled the features of his beloved wife, her unfeigned piety, and the noble generosity of her disposition, would have justified the affection of the most doating father.

His anxiety on her behalf did not, however, seem to extend itself in that quarter where, according to the general opinion, it is most efficiently displayed; in labouring, namely, to establish her in life, either by a large dowry or a wealthy marriage. By an old settlement,

almost all the landed estates of the Baron went, after his death, to a distant relation; and it was supposed that Miss Bradwardine would remain but slenderly provided for, as the good gentleman's cash matters had been too long under the exclusive charge of Baillie Macwheeble, to admit of any great expectations from his personal succession. It is true the said Baillie loved his patron and his patron's daughter next (though at an incomparable distance) to himself. He thought it was possible to set aside the settlement on the male line, and had actually procured an opinion to that effect (and, as he boasted, without a fee) from an eminent Scottish counsel, under whose notice he contrived to bring the point while consulting him regularly on some other business. But the Baron would not listen to such a proposal for an instant. On the contrary, he used to have a perverse pleasure in boasting that the barony of Bradwardine was a male fief, the first charter having been given at that early period when women were not deemed capable to hold a feudal grant; because, according to *Les coustusmes de Normandie, C'est L'Homme ki se bast et ki conseille*; or, as is yet more ungallantly expressed by other authorities, all of whose barbarous names he delighted to quote at full length, be-

cause a woman could not serve the superior, or feudal lord, in war, on account of the decorum of her sex, nor assist him with advice, because of her limited intellect, nor keep his counsel, owing to the infirmity of her disposition. He would triumphantly ask, how it would become a female, and that female a Bradwardine, to be seen employed *in servitio exuendi, seu detrahendi, caligas regis post battaliam?* that is, in pulling off the king's boots after an engagement, which was the feudal service by which he held the barony of Bradwardine. «No,» he said, «beyond hesitation, *procul dubio*, many females, as worthy as Rose, had heen excluded, in order to make way for my own succession, and Heaven forbid that I should do aught that might contravene the destination of my forefathers, or impinge upon the right of my kinsman, Malcolm Bradwardine of Inchgrabbit, an honourable, though decayed branch of my own family.»

The Baillie, as prime minister, having received this decisive communication from his sovereign, durst not press his own opinion any farther, but contented himself with deploring, on all suitable occasions, to Saunderson, the minister of the interior, the laird's self-willedness,

and with laying plans for uniting Rose with the young Laird of Balmawhapple, who had a fine estate, only moderately burthened, and was a faultless young gentleman, being as sober as a saint—if you kept brandy from him, and him from brandy—and who, in brief, had no imperfection but that of keeping light company at a time; such as Jinker, the horse couper, and Gibby Gaethrowi't the piper o' Cupar; «o' whilk follies, Mr. Saunderson, he'll mend, he'll mend,»—pronounced the Baillie.

«Like sour ale in summer,» added Davie Gellatley, who happened to be nearer the conclave than they were aware of.

Miss Bradwardine, such as we have described her, with all the simplicity and curiosity of a recluse, attached herself to the opportunities of increasing her store of literature which Edward's visit afforded her. He sent for some of his books from his quarters, and they opened to her sources of delight of which she had hitherto had no idea. The best English poets, of every description, and other works on belles lettres, made a part of this precious cargo. Her music, even her flowers, were neglected, and Saunders not only mourned over, but be-

gan to mutiny against the labour for which he now scarce received thanks. These new pleasures became gradually enhanced by sharing them with one of a kindred taste. Edward's readiness to comment, to recite, to explain difficult passages, rendered his assistance invaluable; and the wild romance of his spirit delighted a character too young and inexperienced to observe its deficiencies. Upon subjects which interested him, and when quite at ease, he possessed that flow of natural, and somewhat florid eloquence, which has been supposed as powerful as figure, fashion, fame, or fortune, in winning the female heart. There was, therefore, an increasing danger, in this constant intercourse, to poor Rose's peace of mind, which was the more imminent, as her father was greatly too much abstracted in his studies, and wrapped up in his own dignity, to dream of his daughter's incurring it. The daughters of the house of Bradwardine were, in his opinion, like those of the house of Bourbon or Austria, placed high above the clouds of passion which might obfuscate the intellects of meaner females; they moved in another sphere, were governed by other feelings, and amenable to other rules than those of idle and fantastic affection. In short, he shut his eyes so reso-

lutely to the natural consequences of Edward's intimacy with Miss Bradwardine, that the whole neighbourhood concluded that he had opened them to the advantages of a match between his daughter and the wealthy young Englishman, and pronounced him much less a fool than he had generally shown himself in cases where his own interest was concerned.

If the Baron, however, had really meditated such an alliance, the indifference of Waverley would have been an insuperable bar to his project. Our hero, since mixing more freely with the world, had learned to think with great shame and confusion upon his mental legend of Saint Cecilia, and the vexation of these reflections was likely, for some time at least, to counterbalance the natural susceptibility of his disposition. Besides, Rose Bradwardine, beautiful and amiable as we have described her, had not precisely the sort of beauty or merit which captivates a romantic imagination in early youth. She was too frank, too confiding, too kind; amiable qualities, undoubtedly, but destructive of the marvellous with which a youth of imagination delights to dress the empress of his affections. Was it possible to bow, to tremble, and to adore, before the timid, yet playful

little girl, who now asked Edward to mend her pen, now to construe a stanza in Tasso, and now how to spell a very—very long word in her version of it? All these incidents have their fascination on the mind at a certain period of life, but not when a youth is entering it, and rather looking out for some object whose affection may dignify him in his own eyes, than stooping to one who looks up to him for such distinction. — Hence, though there can be no rule in so capricious a passion, early love is frequently ambitious in chusing its object; or, which comes to the same, selects her (as in the case of Saint Cecilia aforesaid) from a situation that gives fair scope for *le beau ideal*, which the reality of intimate and familiar life rather tends to limit and impair. I knew a very accomplished and sensible young man cured of a violent passion for a pretty woman, whose talents were not equal to her face and figure, by being permitted to bear her company for a whole afternoon. Thus, it is certain, that had Edward enjoyed such an opportunity of conversing with Miss Stubbs, aunt Rachael's precaution would have been unnecessary, for he would as soon have fallen in love with the dairy-maid. And although Miss Bradwardine was a very different character, it seems

probable that the very intimacy of their inter. course prevented his feeling for her other sen timents than those of a brother for an amiable and accomplished sister; while the sentiments of poor Rose were gradually. and without her being conscious, assuming a shade of warmer affection.

I ought to have mentioned that Edward had applied for, and received permission, extending his leave of absence. But the letter of his commanding-officer contained a friendly recommendation to him, not to spend his time exclusively with persons, who, estimable as they might be in a general sense, could not be supposed well affected to a government which they declined to acknowledge by taking the oath of allegiance. The letter further insinuated, though with great delicacy, that although some family connections might be supposed to render it necessary for Captain Waverley to communicate with gentlemen who were in this unpleasant state of suspicion, yet his father's situation and wishes ought to prevent his prolonging those attentions into exclusive intimacy. And it was intimated, that while his political principles were endangered by communicating with laymen of this description, he might also

receive erroneous impressions in religion from the prelatic clergy, who so perversely laboured to set up the royal prerogative in things sacred.

This last insinuation probably induced Waverley to set both down to the prejudices of his commanding-officer. He was sensible that Mr. Bradwardine had acted with the most scrupulous delicacy in never entering upon any discussion that had the most remote tendency to bias his mind in political opinions, although he was himself not only a decided partizan of the exiled family, but had been trusted at different times with important commissions for their services. Sensible, therefore, that there was no risque of his being perverted from his allegiance, Edward felt as if he should do his uncle's old friend injustice in removing from a house where he gave and received pleasure and amusement, merely to gratify a prejudiced and ill-judged suspicion. He therefore wrote a very general answer, assuring his commanding officer that his loyalty was not in the most distant danger of contamination, and continued an honoured guest and inmate of the house of Tully-Veolan.

CHAPTER XV.

A Creagh, and its Consequences.

WHEN Edward had been a guest at Tully-Veolan nearly six weeks, he descried, one morning, as he took his usual walk before the breakfast hour, signs of unusual perturbation in the family. Four bare-legged dairy-maids, with each an empty milk-pail in her hand, ran about with frantic gestures, and uttering loud exclamations of surprise, grief, and resentment. From their appearance, a pagan might have conceived them a detachment of the celebrated Belides, just come from their baleing penance. As nothing was to be got from this

distracted chorus, excepting «Lord guide us!» and «Eh sirs!» ejaculations which threw no light upon the cause of their dismay, Waverley repaired to the fore-court, as it was called, where he beheld Baillie Macwheeble cantering his white poney down the avenue with all the speed it could muster. He had arrived, it would seem, upon a hasty summons, and was followed by half a score of peasants from the village, who had no great difficulty in keeping pace with him.

The Baillie, greatly too busy, and too important, to enter into explanations with Edward, summoned forth Mr. Saunderson, who appeared with a countenance in which dismay was mingled with solemnity, and they immediately entered into close conference. Davie Gellatley was also seen in the group, idle as Diogenes at Sinope, while his countrymen were preparing for a siege. His spirits always rose with any thing, good or bad, which occasioned tumult, and he continued frisking, hopping, dancing, and singing the burden of an old ballad, —

«Our gear's a' gane,»

until, happening to pass too near the Baillie, he received an admonitory hint from his horse-

whip, which, converted his songs into lamentation.

Passing from thence towards the garden, Waverley beheld the Baron in person, measuring and re-measuring, with swift and tremendous strides, the length of the terrace; his countenance clouded with offended pride and indignation, and the whole of his demeanour such as seemed to indicate, that any enquiry concerning the cause of his discomposure would give pain at least, if not offence. Waverley therefore glided into the house, without addressing him, and took his way to the breakfast parlour, where he found his young friend Rose, who, though she neither exhibited the resentment of her father, the turbid importance of Baillie Macwheeble, nor the despair of the handmaidens, seemed vexed and thoughtful. A single word explained the mystery. „Your breakfast will be a disturbed one, Captain Waverley. A party of Catherans have come down upon us last night, and driven off all our milch cows."

„A party of Catherans?"

Yes; robbers from the neighbouring Highlands. We used to be quite free from them

while we paid *black-mail* to Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr; hut my father thought it unworthy of his rank and birth to pay it any longer, and so this disaster has happened. It is not the value of the cattle, Captain Waverley, that vexes me; but my father is so much hurt at the affront, and is so bold and hot, that I fear he will try to recover them by the strong hand; and then, if he is not hurt himself, he will hurt some of these wild people, and there will be no peace between them and us perhaps for our lifetime; and we cannot defend ourselves as in old times, for the government have taken all our arms; and my dear father is so rash — O what will become of us!" — Here poor Rose lost heart altogether, and burst into a flood of tears.

The Baron entered at this moment, and rebuked her with more asperity than Waverley had ever heard him use to any one. «Was it not a shame," he said, «that she should exhibit herself before any gentleman in such a light, as if she shed tears for a drove of horned nolt and milch kine, like the daughter of a Cheshire yeoman! — Captain Waverley, I must request your favourable construction of her grief, which may, or ought to proceed solely from seeing

her father's estate exposed to *spulzie* and depredation from common thieves and *sornars*, while we are not allowed to keep a half score of muskets. whether for defence or rescue."

Baillie Macwheeble entered immediately afterwards, and by his report of arms and ammunition, confirmed this statement, informing the Baron. in a melancholy voice, that though the people would certainly obey his honour's orders, yet was there no chance of their following the *gear* to any guid purpose, in respect there were only his honour's body servants who had swords and pistols, and the depredators were twelve Highlanders, completely armed after the manner of their country. — Having delivered this doleful annunciation, he assumed a posture of silent dejection, shaking his head slowly with the motion of a pendulum when it is ceasing to vibrate, and then remained stationary, his body stooping at a more acute angle than usual, and the latter part of his person projected in proportion.

The Baron, meanwhile, paced the room in silent indignation, and at length fixing his eye upon an old portrait, whose person was clad in armour, and whose features glared grimly

out of a huge bush of hair, part of which descended from his head to his shoulders, and part from his chin and upper-lip to his breast-plate, — «That gentleman, Captain Waverley, my grandsire, with two hundred horse, whom he levied within his own bounds, discomfited and put to the rout more than five hundred of these Highland *reivers*, who have been ever *lapis offensionis*, *et petra scandali*, a stumbling-block and a rock of offence to the Lowland vicinage» — He discomfited them, I say, when they had the temerity to descend to *harry* this country, in the time of the civil dissensions, in the year of grace sixteen hundred forty and two. And now, sir, I, his grandson, am thus used at such unworthy hands!»

Here there was an awful pause; after which all the company, as is usual in cases of difficulty, began to give separate and inconsistent counsel. Alexander ab Alexandro proposed they should send some one to compound with the Catherans, who would readily, he said, give up their prey for a dollar a-head. The Baillie opined that this transaction would amount to *theft boot*, or composition of felony; and he recommended that some *canny hand* should be sent up to the glens to make the best bar-

gain he could, as it were for himself, so that the Laird might not be seen in such a transaction. Edward proposed to send off to the nearest garrison for a party of soldiers and a magistrate's warrant; and Rose, as far as she dared, endeavoured to insinuate the course of paying the arrears of tribute money to Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr, who, they all knew, could easily procure restoration of the cattle, if he were properly propitiated.

None of these proposals met the Baron's approbation. The idea of composition, direct or implied, was absolutely ignominious; that of Waverley only shewed that he did not understand the state of the country, and of the political parties which divided it; and, standing matters as they did with Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr, the Baron would make no concession to him, were it, he said, «to procure restitution *in integrum* of every stirk and stot that his clan had stolen since the days of Malcolm Canmore."

In fact, his voice was still for war, and he proposed to send expresses to Balmawhapple, Killancureit, Tilliellum, and other lairds, who were exposed to similar depredations, inviting

them to join in the pursuit; «and then, sir, shall these *nebulones nequissimi*, as Leslaeus calls them, be brought to the fate of their predecessor Cacus,

Elisos oculos, et siccum sanguine guttur."

The Baillie, who by no means relished these warlike counsels, here pulled forth an immense watch, of the colour, and nearly of the size, of a pewter warmingpan, and observed it was now past noon, and that the Catherans had been seen in the pass of Ballybrough soon after sun-rise; so that before the allied forces could assemble, they and their prey would be far beyond the reach of the most active pursuit, and sheltered in those pathless deserts, where it was neither advisable to follow, nor indeed possible to trace them.

This proposition was undeniable. The council therefore broke up without coming to any conclusion, as has occurred to councils of more importance; only it was determined that the Baillie should send his own three milk cows down to the Mains for the use of the Baron's family, and brew small ale as a substitute for milk in his own. To this arrangement, which

was suggested by Saunderson, the Baillie readily assented, both from habitual deference to the family, and an internal consciousness that his courtisy would, in some mode or other, be repaid tenfold.

The Baron having also retired to give some necessary directions, Waverley seized the opportunity to ask, whether this Fergus, with the unpronounceable name, were the chief thief-taker of the district?

„Thief-taker!" answered Rose, laughing; „he is a gentleman of great honour and consequence; the chieftain of an independent branch of a powerful Highland clan, and is much respected, both for his own power, and that of his *kith*, *kin*, and *allies*.".

„And what has he to do with the thieves then? Is he a magistrate, or in the commission of the peace?"

„The commission of war rather, if there be such a thing," said Rose; „for he is a very unquiet neighbour to his *un-friends*, and keeps a greater *following* on foot than many that have thrice his estate. As to his connection with the

thieves, that I cannot well explain; but the boldest of them will never steal a hoof from any one that pays *black-mail* to Vich Ian Vohr."

„And what is *black-mail?*"

„A sort of protection-money that lowcountry gentlemen and heritors, lying near the Highland, pay to some Highland chief, that he may neither do them harm himself, nor suffer it to be done to them by others; and then if your cattle are stole, you have only to send him word, and he will recover them; or it may be, he will drive away cows from some distant place, where he has a quarrel, and give them to you to make up your loss."

„And is this sort of Highland Jonathan Wild admitted into society, and called a gentleman?"

„So much so, that the quarrel between my father and Fergus Mac-Ivor began at a county meeting, where he wanted to take precedence of all the Lowland gentlemen then present, only my father would not suffer it. And then he upbraided my father that he was under his banner, and paid him tribute; and my father was in a towering passion, for Baillie Macwheeble,

who manages such things his own way, had contrived to keep this *black-mail* a secret from him, and passed it in his account for cess-money. And they would have fought; but Fergus Mac Ivor said, very gallantly, he would never raise his hand against a grey head that was so much respected as my father's. — O I wish, I wish they had continued friends! »

«And did you ever see this Mr Mac-Ivor, if that be his name, Miss Bradwardine?»

«No, that is not his name; and he would consider *master* as a sort of affront, only that you are an Englishman, and know no better. But the Lowlanders call him, like other gentlemen, by the name of his estate, Glennaquoich; and the Highlanders call him Vich Ian Vohr, that is, the Son of John the Great; and we upon the *bracs* here call him by both names indifferently.»

«I am afraid I shall never bring my English tongue to call him by either one or other.»

«But he is a very polite, handsome man,» continued Rose; «and his sister Flora is one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies in this country: she was bred in a con-

vent in France, and was a great friend of mine before this unhappy dispute. Dear Captain Waverley, try your influence with my father to make matters up. I am sure this is but the beginning of our troubles; for Tully-Veolan has never been a safe or quiet residence when we have been at feud with the Highlanders. When I was a girl about ten, there was a skirmish fought between a party of twenty of them, and my father and his servants, behind the Mains; and the bullets broke several panes in the north windows, they were so near. Three of the Highlanders were killed, and they brought them in wrapped in their plaids, and laid them on the stone floor of the hall; and next morning, their wives and daughters came, clapping their hands, and crying the coronach and shrieking, and carried away the dead bodies, with the pipes playing before them. I could not sleep for six weeks without starting, and thinking I heard these terrible cries, and saw the bodies lying on the steps, all stiff and swathed up in their bloody tartans. But since that time there came a party from the garrison at Stirling, with a warrant from the Lord Justice Clerk, or some such great man, and took away all our arms; and now, how are we to protect ourselves if they come down in any strength? »

Waverley could not help starting at a story which bore so much resemblance to one of his own day-dreams. Here was a girl scarce seventeen, the gentlest of her sex, both in temper and appearance, who had witnessed with her own eyes such a scene as he had used to conjure up in his imagination, as only occurring in ancient times. He felt at once the impulse of curiosity, and that slight sense of danger which only serves to heighten its interest. He might have said with Malvolio, «I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me!» I am actually in the land of military and romantic adventures, and it only remains to be seen what will be my own share in them."

The whole circumstances now detailed concerning the state of the country, seemed equally novel and extraordinary. He had indeed often heard of Highland thieves, but had no idea of the systematic mode in which their depredations were conducted; and that the practice was connived at, and even encouraged, by many of the Highland chieftains, who not only found the *creaghs*, or forays, useful for the purpose of training individuals of their clans to the practice of arms, but also of maintaining a wholesome terror among their Lowland neigh-

bours, and levying, as we have seen, a tribute from them, under colour of protection-money.

Baillie Macwheeble, who soon afterwards entered, expatiated still more at length upon the same topic. This honest gentleman's conversation was so formed upon his professional practice, that Davie Gellatley once said his discourse was like a „charge of horning." He assured our hero, that „from the maist ancient times of record, the lawless thieves, *limmers*, and broken men of the Highlands, had been in fellowship together by reason of their surnames, for the committing of divers thefts, *reifs*, and *hershipps* upon the honest men of the low country, when they not only intromitted with their whole goods and gear, corn, cattle, horse, nolt, sheep, outsight and insight plenishing, at their wicked pleasure, but moreover made prisoners, ransomed them, or concussed them into giving borrows (pledges,) to enter into captivity again: All which was directly prohibited in divers parts of the Statute Book, both by the act one thousand five hundred and sixty-seven, and various others; the whilk statutes, with all that had followed and might follow thereupon, were shamefully broken and vilipended by the said sorners, limmers, and

broken men, associated into fellowships for the aforesaid purposes of theft, stouthreef, fire-raising, murther. *raptus mulierum*, or forcible abduction of women, and such like as aforesaid."

It seemed like a dream to Waverley that these deeds of violence should be familiar to men's minds, and currently talked of, as falling within the common order of things, and happening daily in the immediate neighbourhood, without his having crossed the seas, and while he was yet in the otherwise well-ordered island of Great Britain.

CHAPTER XVI.

An unexpected Ally appears.

The Baron returned at the dinner hour, and had in a great measure recovered his composure and good humour. He not only confirmed the stories which Edward had heard from Rose and Baillie Macwheeble, but added many anecdotes from his own experience, concerning the state of the Highlands and their inhabitants. The chiefs, he pronounced to be, in general, gentlemen of great honour and high pedigree, whose word was accounted as a law by all those of their own sept or clan. «It did not indeed,» he said, «become them,

as had occurred in late instances, to propone their *prosapia*, a lineage which rested for the most part on the vain and fond rhimes of their *Seannachies* or *Bhairds*, as aequiponderate with the evidence of ancient charters and royal grants of antiquity, conferred upon distinguished houses in the low country by divers Scottish monarchs; nevertheless, such was their *outrecuidance* and presumption, as to undervalue those who possessed such evidents, as if they held their lands in a sheep's skin."

This by the way, pretty well explained the cause of quarrel between the Baron and his Highland ally. But he went on to state so many curious particulars concerning the manners, customs, and habits of this patriarchal race, that Edward's curiosity became highly interested, and he enquired whether it were possible to make with safety an excursion into the neighbouring Highlands, whose dusky barrier of mountains had already excited his wish to penetrate beyond them. The Baron assured his guest that nothing would be more easy, providing this quarrel were first made up, since he could himself give him letters to many of the distinguished chiefs,

who would receive him with the utmost courtesy and hospitality.

While they were on this topic, the door suddenly opened, and, ushered by Saunders Saunderson, a Highlander, fully armed and equipped, entered the apartment. Had it not been that Saunders acted the part of master of the ceremonies to this martial apparition, without appearing to deviate from his usual composure, and that neither Mr. Bradwardine nor Rose exhibited any emotion, Edward would certainly have thought the intrusion hostile. As it was, he started at the sight of what he had not yet happened to see, a mountaineer in his full national costume. The individual Gael was a stout dark man of low stature, the ample folds of whose plaid added to the appearance of strength which his person exhibited. The short kilt, or petticoat, showed his sinewy and cleanmade limbs; the goat-skin purse, flanked by the usual defences, a dirk and steelwrought pistol, hung before him; his bonnet had a short feather, which indicated his claim to be treated as a Duinhé-Wassel, or sort of gentleman; a broad sword dangled by his side, a target hung upon his shoulder, and a long spanish fowlingpiece occupied one

of his hands. With the other hand, he pulled off his bonnet, and the Baron, who well knew their customs, and the proper mode of addressing them, immediately said, with an air of dignity, but without rising, and much, as Edward thought, in the manner of a prince receiving an embassy, „Welcome, Evan Dhu Maccombich; what news from Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr?“

„Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr,“ said the ambassador, in good English, „greets you well, Baron of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan, and is sorry there has been a thick cloud interposed between you and him, which has kept you from seeing and considering the friendship and alliances that have been between your houses and forbears of old; and he prays you that the cloud may pass away, and that things may be as they have been heretofore between the clan Ivor and the house of Bradwardine, when there was an egg between them for a flint, and a knife for a sword. And he expects you will also say, you are sorry for the cloud, and no man shall hereafter ask whether it descended from the hill to the valley, or rose from the valley to the hill; for they never struck with the scabbard who did not receive

with the sword, and woe to him who would lose his friend for the stormy cloud of a spring morning."

To this the Baron of Bradwardine answered with suitable dignity, that he knew the chief of clan Ivor to be a well-wisher to the *King*, and he was sorry there should have been a cloud between him and any gentleman of such sound principles, „for when folks are banding together, feeble is he who hath no brother."

This appearing perfectly satisfactory, that the peace between these august persons might be duly solemnized, the Baron ordered a stoup of usquebaugh, and, filling a glass, drank to the health and prosperity of Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich; upon which the Celtic ambassador, to requite his politeness, turned down a mighty bumper of the same generous liquor, seasoned with his good wishes to the house of Bradwardine.

Having thus ratified the preliminaries of the general treaty of pacification, the envoy retired to adjust with Mr. Macwheeble some subordinate articles, with which it was not thought necessary to trouble the Baron. These

probably referred to the discontinuance of the subsidy, and apparently the Baillie found means to satisfy their ally without suffering his master to suppose that his dignity was compromised. At least, it is certain, that after the plenipotentiaries had drunk a bottle of brandy in single drams, which seemed to have no more effect upon such seasoned vessels, than if it had been poured upon the two bears at the top of the avenue, Evan Dhu Maccombich having possessed himself of all the information which he could procure respecting the robbery of the preceding night, declared his intention to set of immediately, in pursuit of the cattle, which he pronounced to be «no that far off; — they have broken the bone,» he observed, «but have had no time to suck the marrow.»

Our hero, who had attended Evan Dhu during his perquisitions, was much struck with the ingenuity which he displayed in collecting information, and the precise and pointed conclusions which he drew from it. Evan Dhu, on his part, was obviously flattered with the attention of Waverley, the interest he seemed to take in his enquiries, and his curiosity about the customs and scenery of the

Highlands. Without much ceremony he invited Edward to accompany him on a short walk of ten or fifteen miles into the mountains, and see the place where the cattle were conveyed to; adding, «If it be as I suppose, you never saw such a place in your life, nor ever will, unless you go with me or the like of me.»

Our hero, feeling his curiosity considerably excited by the idea of visiting the den of a Highland Cacus, took, however, the precaution to enquire if his guide might be trusted. He was assured, that the invitation would on no account have been given had there been the least danger, and that all he had to apprehend was a little fatigue; and as Evan proposed he should pass a day at his chieftain's house in returning, where he would be sure of good accommodation and an excellent welcome, there seemed nothing very formidable in the task he undertook. Rose, indeed, turned pale when she heard of it; but her father, who loved the spirited curiosity of his young friend, did not attempt to damp it by an alarm of danger which really did not exist, and a knapsack, with a few necessaries, being bound on the shoulders of a sort of deputy gamekeeper, our hero set forth

with a fowlingpiece in his hand, accompanied by his new friend Evan Dhu, and followed by the gamekeeper aforesaid, and by two wild Highlanders, the attendants of Evan, one of whom had upon his shoulder a hatchet at the end of a pole, called a Lochaber axe, and the other a long ducking gun. Evan, upon Edward's enquiry, gave him to uederstand, that this martial escort was by no means necessary as a guard, but merely, as he said, drawing up and adjusting his plaid with an air of dignity, that he might appear decently at Tully-Veolan, and as Vich Ian Vohr's foster-brother ought to do. „Ah! if you Saxon Duinhé-wassal (English gentleman) saw but the chief himself with his tail on!"

„With his tail on?" echoed Edward in some surprise.

„Yes — that is, with all his usual followers, when he visits those of the same rank. There is," he continued, stopping and drawing himself proudly up, while he counted upon his fingers the several officers of his chief's retinue; „there is his *hanchman*, or right-hand man; then his *bhaird*, or poet; then his *bladier*, or orator, to make harangues to the great folks

whom he visits; then his *gilly-more*, or armour-bearer, to carry his sword, and target, and his gun; then his *gilly-casflue*, who carries him on his back trough the sikes and brooks; then his *gilly-comstraine*, to lead his horse by the bridle in steep and difficult paths; then his *gilly-trusharnish*, to carry his knapsack; and the piper and the piper's man, and it may be a dozen young lads beside, that have no business, but are just boys of the belt to follow the laird, and do his honour's bidding.',

„And does your Chief regularly maintain all these men?"

„All these? ay, and many a fair head beside, that would not ken where to lay itself, but for the mickle barn at Glennaquoich."

With similar tales of the grandeur of the chief in peace and war, Evan Dhu beguiled the way till they approached more closely those huge mountains which Edward had hitherto only seen at a distance. It was towards evening as they entered one of the tremendous passes which afford communication between the high and low country; the path, which was extremely steep and rugged, winded up a

chasm between two tremendous rocks, following the passage which a foaming stream, that brawled far below, appeared to have worn for itself in the course of ages. A few slanting beams of the sun, which was now stetting, reached the water in its darksome bed, and shewed it partially, chafed by an hundred rocks, and broken by an huudred falls. The descent from the path to the stream was a mere precipice, with here and there a projecting fragment of granite, or a scathed tree, which had warped its twisted roots into the fissures of the rock. On the right hand the mountain rose above the path with almost equal inaccessibility; but the hill on the opposite side displayed a shroud of copsewood, with which some pines were intermingled.

„This," said Evan," is the pass of Bally Brough, which was kept in former times by ten of the clan Donnochie against a hundred of the low country carles. The graves of the slain are still to be seen in that little corri, or bottom, on the opposite side of the burn — if your eyes are good you may see the green specks among the heather. — See, there is an earn, which you southrons call an eagle — you have no such bird as that in England —

he is going to fetch his supper from the Laird of Bradwardine's braes, but I'll send a slug after him."

He fired his piece accordingly, but missed the superb monarch of the feathered tribes, who, without noticing the attempt to annoy him, continued his majestic flight to the southward. A thousand birds of prey, hawks, kites, carrion-crows, and ravens, disturbed from the lodgings which they had just taken up for the evening, rose at the report of the gun, and mingled their hoarse and discordant notes with the echoes which replied to it, and with the roar of the mountain cataracts. Evan, a little disconcerted at having missed his mark, when he meant to have displayed peculiar dexterity, covered his confusion by whistling part of a pibroch as he reloaded his piece, and proceeded in silence up the pass.

It issued in a narrow glen, between two mountains, both very lofty and covered with heath. The brook continued to be their companion, and they advanced up its mazes, crossing them now and then, on which occasions Evan Dhu uniformly offered the assistance of his attendants to carry over Edward; but our

hero, who had been always a tolerable pedestrian, declined the accommodation, and obviously rose in his guide's opinion, hy shewing that he did not fear wetting his feet. Indeed he was anxious, so far as he could without affectation, to remove the opinion which Evan seemed to entertain of the effeminacy of the Lowlanders, and particularly of the English.

Through the gorge of this glen they found access to a black bog, of tremendous extent, full of large pit-holes, which they traversed with great difficulty and some danger, by tracks which no one but a Highlander could have followed. The path itself, or rather the portion of more solid ground on which the travellers half walked, half waded, was rough broken, and in many places quaggy and unsound. Sometimes the ground was so completely unsafe, that it was necessary to spring from one hillock to another, the space between being incapable of bearing the human weight. This was an easy matter to the Highlanders, who wore thin-soled brogues fit for the purpose, and moved with a peculiar springing step; but Edward began to find the exercise, to which he was unaccustomed, more fatiguing than he expected. The lingering twilight served to shew

them through this Serbonian bog, but deserted them almost totally at the bottom of a steep and very stony hill, which it was the traveller's next toilsome task to ascend. The night, however, was pleasant, and not dark; and Waverley, calling up mental energy to support personal fatigue, held on his march gallantly, though envying in his heart his Highland attendants, who continued, without a symptom of abated vigour, the rapid and swinging pace, or rather trot, which, according to his computation, had alredy brought them fifteen miles upon their journey.

After crossing the mountain, and descending on the other side towards a black wood, Evan Dhu held some conference with his Highland attendants, in consequence of which Edward's baggage was shifted from the shoulders of the gamekeeper to that of one of the *gillies*, and the former was sent off with the other mountaineer in a direction different from that of the three remaining travellers. On asking the meaning of this separation, Waverley was old that the Lowlander must go to a hamlet tbout three miles off for the night; for unless a was some very particular friend, Donald itean Lean, the worthy person whom they sup-

posed to be possessed of the cattle, did not much approve of strangers approaching his retreat. This seemed reasonable, and silenced a qualm of suspicion which came across Edward's mind, when he saw himself, at such a place and such an hour, deprived of his only Lowland companion. And Evan immediately afterwards added, «that indeed he himself had better get forward, and announce their approach to Donald Bean Lean, as the arrival of a *sidier roy*, (red soldier) might otherwise be a disagreeable surprise.» And without waiting for an answer, in jokey phrase, he trotted out, and putting himself to a very round pace, was out of sight in an instant.

Waverley was now left to his own meditations, for his attendant with the battleaxe spoke very little English. They were traversing a thick, and, as it seemed, an endless wood of pines, and consequently the path was altogether undiscernible in the murky darkness which surrounded them. The Highlander, however, seemed to trace it by instinct, without the hesitation of a moment, and Edward followed his footsteps as close as he could.

After journeying a considerable time in

silence, he could not help asking «Was it far to the end of their journey?»

«Ta cove was tree, four mile; but as Duinhé-wassal was a wee taiglit, Donald could, tat is, might — would — should send ta curragh.»

This conveyed no information. The *curragh* which was promised might be a man, a horse, a cart, or chaise; and no more could be got from the man with the battle-axe, but a repetition of «Aich aye! ta curragh.»

But in a short time Edward began to conceive his meaning, when, issuing from the wood, he found himself on the banks of a large river or lake, where his conductor gave him to understand they must sit down for a little while. The moon, which now began to rise, shewed obscurely the expanse of water which spread before them, and the shapeless and indistinct forms of mountains with which it seemed to be surrounded. The cool, and yet mild air of the summer night, refreshed Waverley after his rapid and toilsome walk; and the perfume which it wafted from the birch trees, bathed in the evening dew, was exquisitely fragrant.

He had now time to give himself up to the full romance of his situation. Here he sat on the banks of an unknown lake, under the guidance of a wild native, whose language was unknown to him, on a visit to the den of some renowned outlaw, a second Robin Hood perhaps, or Adam o' Gordon, and that at deep midnight, through scenes of difficulty and toil, separated from his attendant, left by his guide: — what a fund of circumstances for the exercise of a romantic imagination, and all enhanced by the solemn feeling of uncertainty at least, if not of danger! The only circumstance which assorted ill with the rest was the cause of his journey — the Baron's milk cows! this degrading incident he kept in the back-ground.

While wrapt in these dreams of imagination his companion gently touched him, and pointing in a direction nearly straight across the lake, said, «Yon's ta cove.» A small point of light was seen to twinkle in the direction in which he pointed, and, gradually increasing in size and lustre, seemed to flicker like a meteor upon the verge of the horizon. While Edward watched this phenomenon, the distant dash of oars was heard. The measured sound

approached near and more near and presently a loud whistle was heard in the same direction. His friend with the battle-axe immediately whistled clear and shrill, in reply to the signal, and a boat, manned with four or five Highlanders, pushed for a little inlet, near which Edward was seated. He advanced to meet them with his attendant, was immediately assisted into the boat by the officious attention of two stout mountaineers, and had no sooner seated himself than they resumed their oars, and began to row across the lake with great rapidity

CHAPTER XVII.

The Hold of a Highland Robber.

The party preserved silence, interrupted only by the monotonous and murmured chaunt of a Gaelic song, sung in a kind of low recitative by the steersman, and by the dash of the oars, which the notes seemed to regulate, as they dipped to them in cadence. The light, which they now approached more nearly, assumed a broader, redder, and more irregular splendour. It appeared plainly to be a large fire, but whether kindled upon an island or the main land, Edward could not determine.

As he saw it, the red glaring orb seemed to rest on the very surface of the lake itself, and resembled the fiery vehicle in which the Evil Genius of an oriental tale traverses land and sea. They approached nearer, and the light of the fire sufficed to shew that it was kindled at the bottom of a huge dark crag or rock, rising abruptly from the very edge of the water; its front, changed by the reflection to dusky red, formed a strange, and even awful contrast to the banks around, which were from time to time faintly and partially enlightened by pallid moonlight.

The boat now neared the shore, and Edward could discover that this large fire, amply supplied with branches of pinewood by two figures, who, in the red reflection of its light, appeared like demons, was kindled in the jaws of a lofty cavern, into which an inlet from the lake seemed to advance; and he conjectured, which was indeed true, that the fire had been lighted as a beacon to the boatmen on their return. They rowed right for the mouth of the cave, and then, shipping their oars, permitted the boat to enter with the impulse which it had received. The skiff passed the little point, or platform, of rock on which the fire

was blazing, and running about two boats, lengths farther, stopped where the cavern, (for it was already arched overhead,) ascended from the water by five or six broad ledges of rocks, so easy and regular that they might be termed natural steps. At this moment a quantity of water was suddenly flung upon the fire, which sunk with a hissing noise, and with it disappeared the light it had hitherto afforded. Four or five active arms lifted Waverley out of the boat, placed him on his feet, and almost carried him into the recesses of the cave. He made a few paces in darkness, guided in this manner; and advancing towards a hum of voices, which seemed to sound from the centre of the rock, at an acute turn Donald Bean Lean and his whole establishment were before his eyes.

The interior of the cave, which here rose very high. was illuminated by torches made of pine-tree, which emitted a bright and bickering light, attended by a strong, though not unpleasant odour. Their light was assisted by the red glare of a large charcoal fire, round which were seated five or six armed Highlanders, while others were indistinctly seen couched on their plaids, in the more remote recesses of the cavern. In one large aperture,

which the robber facetiously called his *spence*, (or pantry,) there hung by the heels the carcases of a sheep, or ewe, and two cows, lately slaughtered. The principal inhabitant of this singular mansion, attended by Evan Dhu as master of the ceremonies, came forward to meet his guest, totally different in appearance and manner from what his imagination had anticipated. The profession which he followed — the wilderness in which he dwelt — the wild warrior forms that surrounded him, were all calculated to inspire terror, From such accompaniments, Waverley prepared himself to meet a stern, gigantic, ferocious figure, such as Salvator would have chosen to be the central object of a group of banditti.

Donald Bean Lean was the very reverse of all these. He was thin in person and low in stature, with light sandy coloured hair and small pale features, from which he derived his agnomen of *Bean*, or white; and although his form was light, well proportioned, and active, he appeared, on the whole, rather a diminutive and insignificant figure. He had served in some inferior capacity in the French army, and in order to receive his English visitor in great form, and probably meaning, in his way, to

pay him a compliment, he had laid aside the Highland dress for the time, to put on an old blue and red uniform, and a feathered hat, in which he was far from showing to advantage, and indeed looked so incongruous, compared with all around him, that Waverley would have been tempted to laugh, had laughter been either civil or safe. He received Captain Waverley with a profusion of French politeness and Scottish hospitality, seemed perfectly to know his name and connections, and to be particularly acquainted with his uncle's political principles. On these he bestowed great applause, to which Waverley judged it prudent to make a very general reply.

Being placed at a convenient distance from the charcoal fire, the heat of which the season rendered oppressive, a strapping Highland damsel placed before Waverley, Evan, and Donald Bean, three cogues, or wooden vessels, composed of staves and hoops, containing *imrigh*, a sort of strong soup made out of a particular part of the inside of the beeves. After this refreshment, which, though coarse, fatigue and hunger rendered palatable; steaks, roasted on the coals, were supplied in liberal abundance, and disapeared before Evan Dhu and

their host with a promptitude that seemed like magic, and astonished Waverley, who was much puzzled to reconcile their voracity with what he had heard of the abstemiousness of the Highlanders. He was ignorant that this abstinence was with the lower ranks wholly compulsory, and that, like some animals of prey, those who practise it were usually gifted with the power of indemnifying themselves to good purpose, when chance threw plenty in their way. The whisky came forth in abundance to crown the cheer. The Highlanders drank it copiously and undiluted; but Edward, having mixed a little with water, did not find it so palatable as to invite him to repeat the draught. Their host bewailed himself exceedingly that he could offer him no wine: »Had he but known four-and-twenty hours before, he would have had some, had it been within the circle of forty miles round him. But no gentleman could do more to shew his sense of the honour of a visit from another, than to offer him the best cheer his house afforded. Were there are no bushes there can be no nuts, and the way of those you live with is that you must follow.“

He went on regretting to Evan Dhu the death of an aged man, Donnacha an Amrigh, or

Duncan with the Cap, « a gifted seer, » who foretold, through the second sight, visitors of every description who haunted their dwelling, whether as friends or foes.

«Is not his son Malcolm *taishatr* (a seer)?» asked Evan.

«Nothing equal to his father,« replied Donald Bean. „He told us the other day we were to see a great gentleman riding on a horse, and there came nobody that whole day but Shemus Beg, the blind harper, with his dog. Another time he advertised us of a wedding, and behold it proved a funeral; and on the creagh, when he foretold to us we should bring home a hundred head of horned cattle, we gripped nothing but a fat baillie of Perth. »

From this discourse he passed to the political and military state of the country; and Waverley was astonished, and even alarmed, to find a person of this description so accurately acquainted with the strength of the various garrisons and regiments quartered north of the Tay. He even mentioned the exact number of recruits who had joined Waverley's troop from his uncle's estate, and observed they were

pretty men, meaning not handsome, but stout warlike fellows. He put Waverley in mind of one or two minute circumstances which had happened at a general review of the regiment, which satisfied him that the robber had been an eyewitness of it; and Evan Dhu having by this time retired from the conversation, and wrapped himself up in his plaid to take some repose, Donald asked Edward in a very significant manner, whether he had nothing particular to say to him.

Waverley, surprised and somewhat startled at this question from such a character, answered he had no motive in visiting him but curiosity to see his extraordinary place of residence. Donald Bean Lean looked him steadily in the face for an instant, and then said, with a significant nod, „You might as well have confided in me; I am as much worthy of trust as either the Baron of Bradwardine or Vich Ian Vohr: — but you are equally welcome to my house.»

Waverley felt an involuntary shudder creep over him at the mysterious language held by this outlawed and lawless bandit, which, in despite of his attempts to master it, deprived

him of the power to ask the meaning of his insinuations. A heath pallet, with the flowers stuck uppermost, had been prepared for him in a recess of the cave, and here, covered with such spare plaids as could be mustered, he lay for some time watching the motions of the other inhabitants of the cavern. Small parties of two or three entered or left the place without any other ceremony than a few words in Gaelic to the principal outlaw, and, when he fell asleep, to a tall Highlander who acted as his lieutenant, and seemed to keep watch during his repose. Those who entered, seemed to have returned from some excursion, of which they reported the success, and went without farther ceremony to the larder, where cutting with their dirks their rations from the carcases which were there suspended, they proceeded to broil and eat them at their own pleasure and leisure. The liquor was under stricter regulation, being served out either by Donald himself, his lieutenant, or the strapping Highland girl aforesaid, who was the only female that appeared. The allowance of whisky, however, would have appeared prodigal to any but Highlanders, who living entirely in the open air, and in a very moist climate, can consume great quantities of ardent spirit without

the usual baneful effects either upon the brain or constitution.

At length the fluctuating groupes began to swim before the eyes of our hero as they gradually closed; nor did he reopen them till the morning sun was high on the lake without, though there was but a faint and glimmering twilight in the recesses of Uaimh an Ri, or the King's cavern, as the abode of Donald Bean Lean was proudly denominated.

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